

FEBRUARY

35 CENTS

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

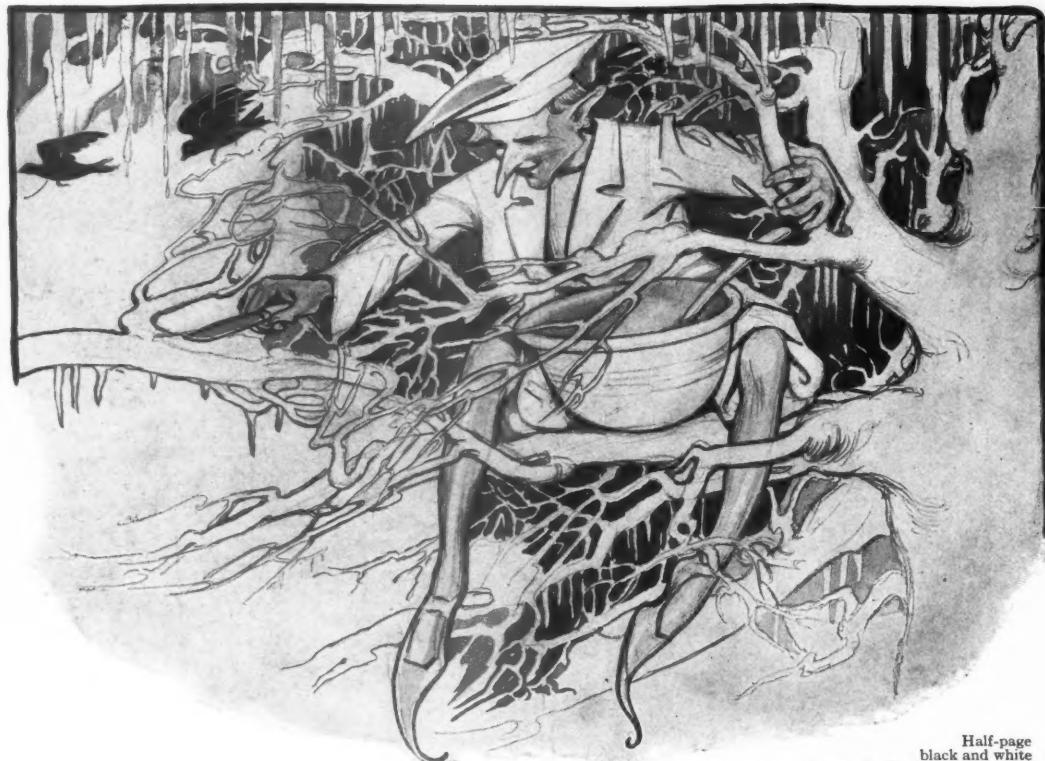


HAZEL FRAZEE

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
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YORK UNIVERSITY

JAN 23 1925



Half-page
black and white
drawing by Ruth Mary Hallock

**WINTER-
TIME**

Black are my steps on silver sod;
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;
And tree and house, and hill and lake,
Are frosted like a wedding-cake.

**A CHILD'S
GARDEN *of* VERSES**

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Pictures—color and black and white—by RUTH MARY HALLOCK

Published by RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
536 S. Clark Street

Chicago, Illinois

This book is for sale everywhere. If unobtainable locally, send us \$1.50 plus 7 cents postage

HEIGHT AND WEIGHT TABLES

BOYS						GIRLS											
Height Inches	Average Weight In. 5 Years	6 Years	7 Years	8 Years	9 Years	10 Years	11 Years	Height Inches	Average Weight In. 5 Years	6 Years	7 Years	8 Years	9 Years	10 Years	11 Years		
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39	35	35						39	34	34	34						
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63	111						105	63	118								

Something is wrong with the child who is not gaining steadily. This chart tells you what he should weigh.



The "Growing Age"

..when your child is apt to be underweight ..

needs special food

THE growing age is a vital formative period. Your children's future depends on their development at this stage. Yet so often when they are thin, lanky, pale, you satisfy your conscience with the thought "they're just growing".

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how to serve it

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Malnutrition in childhood is often the beginning of tuberculosis; the cause of stunted growth, poor mental development, bad teeth; the reason why your child cannot compete with normal children in school or play. And yet—how easily they are prevented with a correct health program!

Nutrition Department

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Head of the Wheelock School for Kindergartners

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CHILD LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Volume IV

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536 S. Clark Street
CHICAGO

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Little Boys and Girls Will Want These New "Stories to Color"



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"IT is time for Daddy to come home," said Dorothy to herself. "I will hide in my old apple tree. Its big brown branches and green leaves will help me. Daddy will never see me. If he does he will think that my hair is a big yellow apple. I am going to be his little Bluebird. I wish that my collar and socks were blue too. But Bluebirds do have white feathers. How nice it is to have yellow-brown shoes just like a birdie's feet. Come dear Daddy come home! There he is! He is looking down at the pretty bright orange flowers. What fun it will be when he finds his Bluebird! Tweet tweet."

HERE is a page from the packet, in much reduced size. On each page is a charming outline drawing by Bess Bruce Cleaveland, with a simple little story beneath it, which the child must read in order to color the picture correctly. The sheets, 10x14 inches, are separate, on paper especially adapted to the use of crayon or paints, and are enclosed in an attractive envelope.

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Love's Work

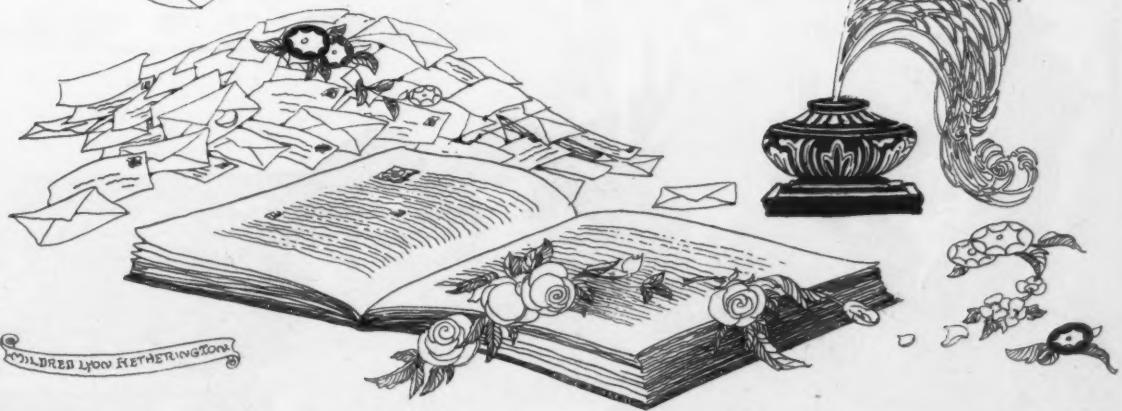
SWEET children dear,
Our message hear,
Great love for you compels it.
We have each day
Much love to say
And hope that Child Life tells it.

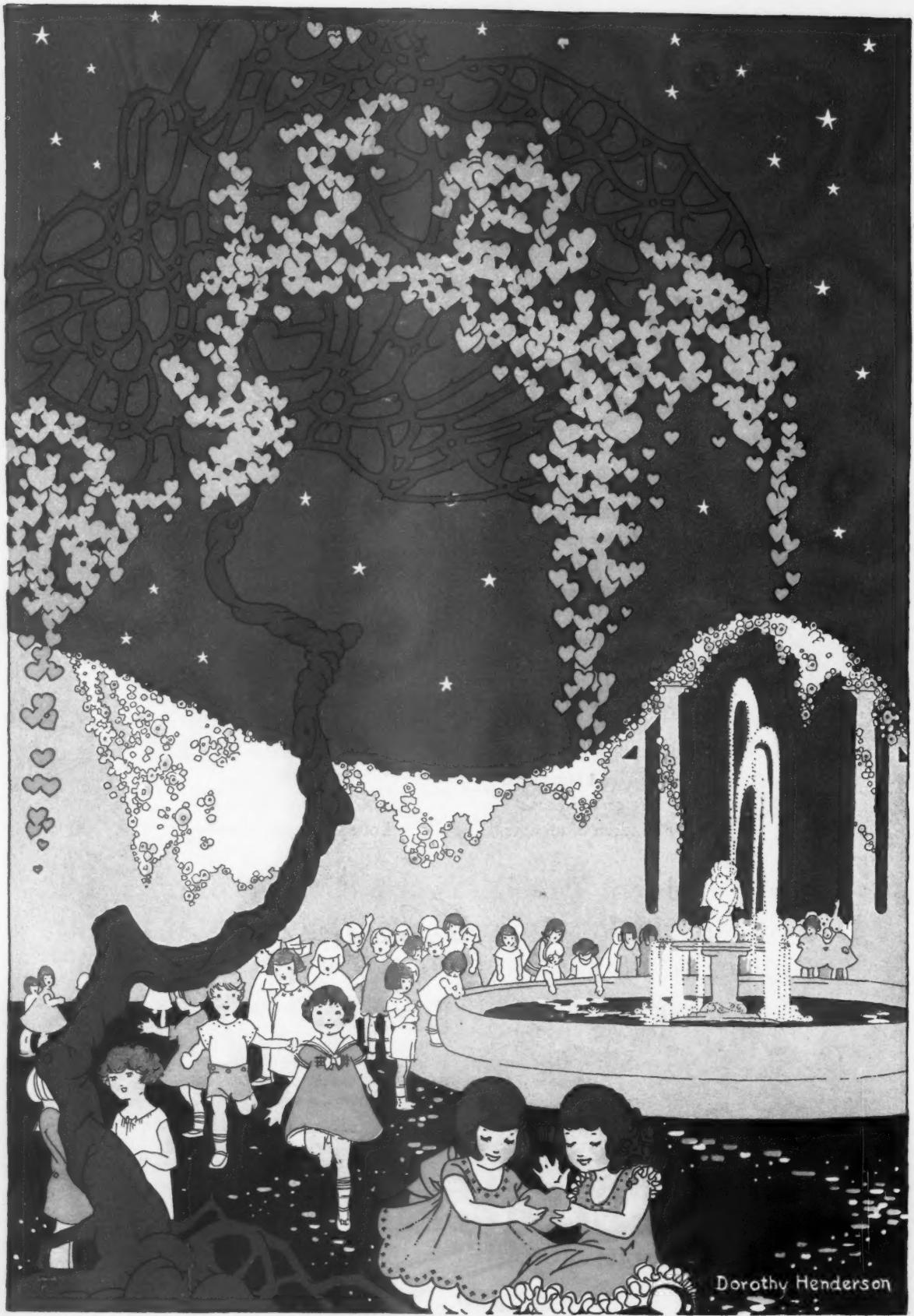
We love to do
Our best for you
When filling Child Life's pages.
With all our hearts
We do our parts
For children of all ages.

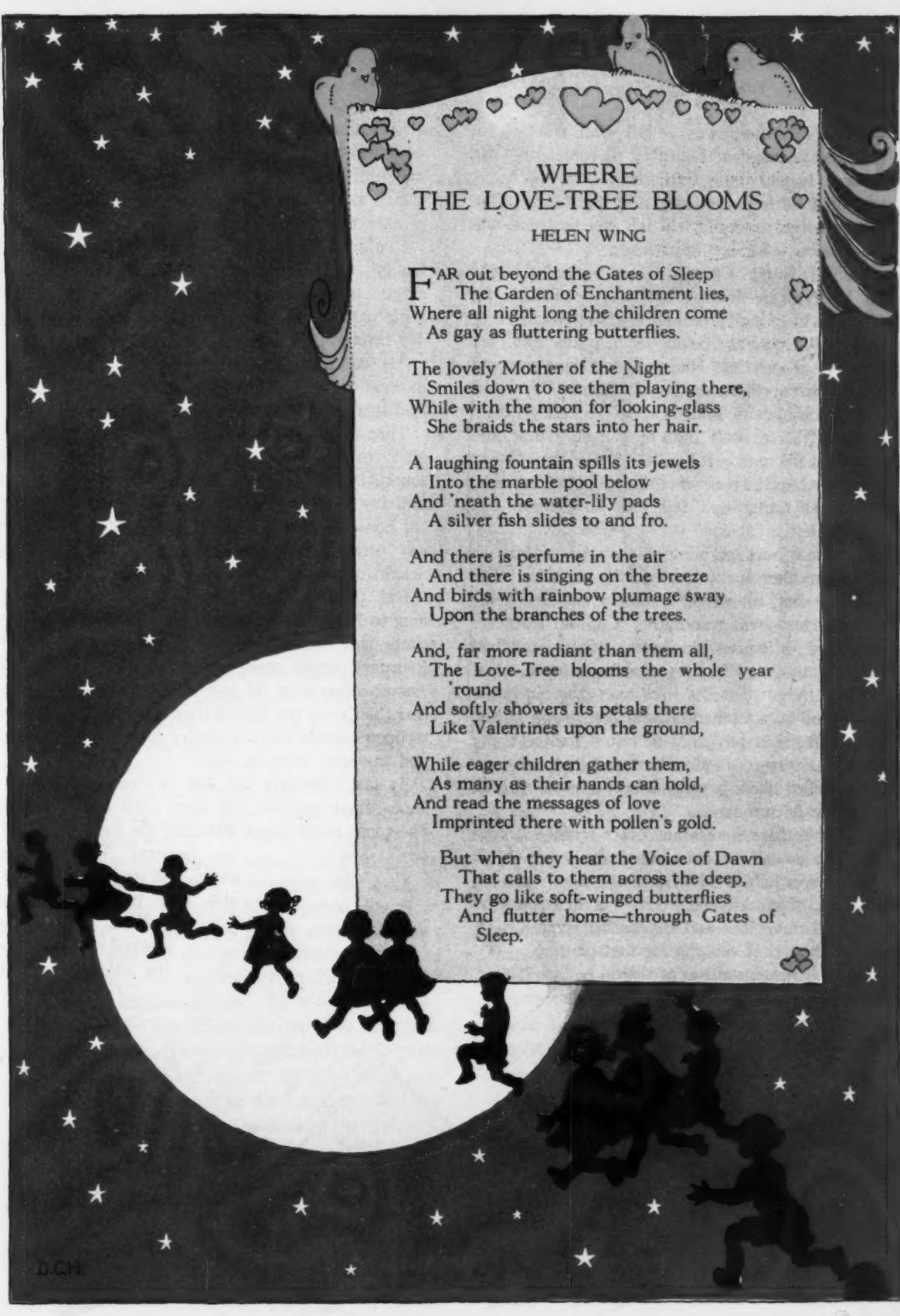
And when you show
You love them so
By praises you are voicing,
Or when you write
Of your delight,
It sets us all rejoicing.

As Child Life grows,
Love's labor shows
How boundless is its blessing
Of endless joys
For girls and boys,
Love's miracle expressing.

Rose Glaldo, editor







WHERE THE LOVE-TREE BLOOMS

HELEN WING

FAR out beyond the Gates of Sleep
The Garden of Enchantment lies,
Where all night long the children come
As gay as fluttering butterflies.

The lovely Mother of the Night
Smiles down to see them playing there,
While with the moon for looking-glass
She braids the stars into her hair.

A laughing fountain spills its jewels
Into the marble pool below
And 'neath the water-lily pads
A silver fish slides to and fro.

And there is perfume in the air
And there is singing on the breeze
And birds with rainbow plumage sway
Upon the branches of the trees.

And, far more radiant than them all,
The Love-Tree blooms the whole year
'round
And softly showers its petals there
Like Valentines upon the ground,

While eager children gather them,
As many as their hands can hold,
And read the messages of love
Imprinted there with pollen's gold.

But when they hear the Voice of Dawn
That calls to them across the deep,
They go like soft-winged butterflies
And flutter home—through Gates of
Sleep.

THE HIDING ROOM

By JANET P. SHAW

IF EVER there was a girl who wanted the twenty-second of February to come, that girl was Nancy Jane Sutherland. On that day she would be ten years old, and anyone who has ever been ten years old will tell you that this was reason enough for her impatience.

Then her father, Captain David Sutherland, who had been away fighting against the British for many months, had promised that he would come home, if he possibly could, to help celebrate her birthday. Never had Nancy Jane longed so much to see him, for this was the winter of 1777, which Washington and his soldiers spent at Valley Forge, and every letter had told of the sufferings and bravery of the men. It was no wonder that Nancy Jane longed for the time when she could put her arms around her father and tell him how proud and sorry she felt.

It was a queer, rambling old house in which she and her mother spent those lonely months. The main part had been built almost a hundred years before by her great-grandfather, Captain Ebenezer Sutherland, a famous old Indian fighter, and had often been used as a fortress as well as a home. But after the Indian troubles were over, the old house had seemed to stretch itself and had grown as the family became larger, until at last it had so many wings and lean-tos and gables and bay windows that it looked like a great potato of a house with all the bumps left on.

Of course there were many other strange things about the house, for old houses, you know, often develop queer habits. For instance, there was a big pantry off of the kitchen which was almost always *hungry*. Nancy Jane and her mother spent most of their time cooking for that pantry, and yet, although neither of them ate very much, the pantry was almost

always empty. Every night, when Nancy Jane went to bed, the shelves were covered with fragrant loaves of bread and pies and roasts and other good things to eat; yet every morning the shelves were as bare as old Mother Hubbard's.

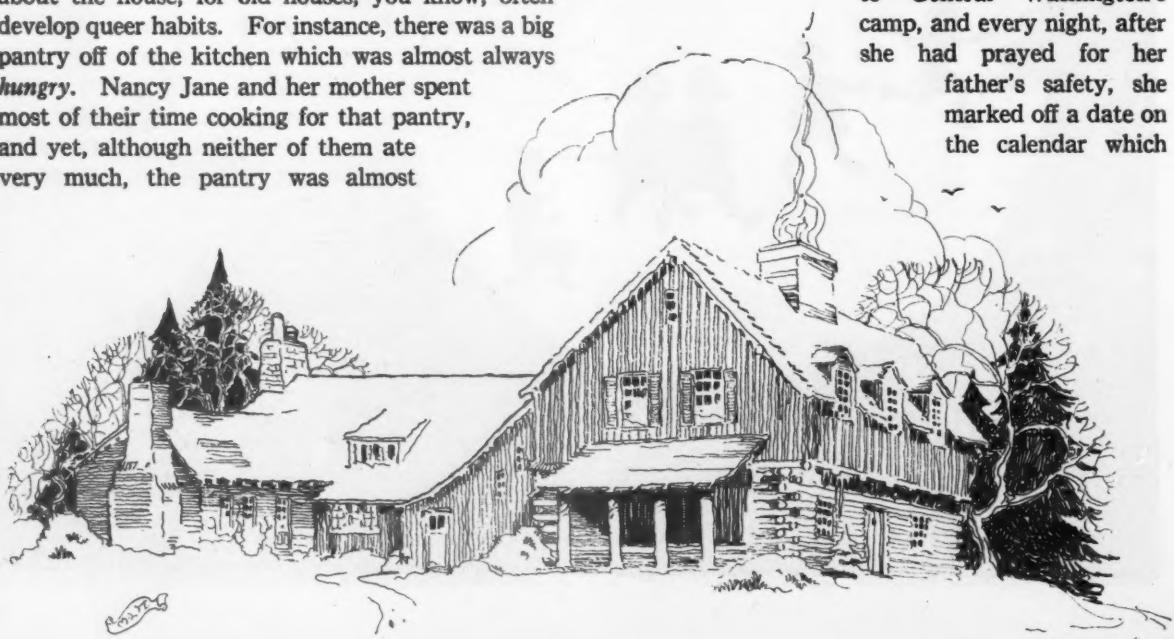
"I think that pantry has a *nawful* appetite," said Nancy Jane one day when she found the cooky jar empty, although she knew her mother had baked a big batch of her favorite kind of cookies just the day before.

"It certainly has." Her mother smiled. "Almost as big as a regiment's. I only wish we could feed them all," she added with a sigh.

Then at night, when Nancy Jane was in bed, she often heard noises up in the attic—noises that sounded like footsteps, although she never could find any room up there in the daytime. In fact, the old house was as interesting and mysterious as the day before Christmas when every closet holds a delightful secret.

But, in spite of all this, the winter seemed very long to Nancy Jane without her father, and sometimes she was afraid that the twenty-second of February would never come. At times the snow was so deep that no one could reach the house, and then even the letters from Captain Sutherland stopped coming and the pantry forgot to be hungry and the attic slept all night.

At last February the first arrived, and Nancy Jane began counting the days until her birthday. She spent many hours watching the road which led to General Washington's camp, and every night, after she had prayed for her father's safety, she marked off a date on the calendar which



hung beside her bed. Number after number hid its face behind a big cross until at last it came the turn of eighteen, nineteen, twenty and even twenty-one. Still there wasn't even a sign of her big, handsome soldier father.

Then at last something worth waiting for did happen. In the middle of the night Nancy Jane was wakened again by the sound of footsteps in the attic—dozens of them. Tramp, tramp, tramp, they went back and forth, back and forth.

"That must be Mother's regiment come to visit the hungry pantry," thought Nancy Jane and sat right up in bed. But soon the noise stopped and Nancy fell asleep and began to dream that the old house had turned into golden brown pastry and that a regiment of soldiers was eating it up brick by brick. At last they reached her room and began to break up her bed, but just in the nick of time she opened her eyes! And there was Mother drawing up the blinds and wishing her a happy birthday!

The morning was cold and rainy but for some reason the house had a happy feeling and Nancy Jane was sure that something interesting was going to happen. So she wasn't a bit surprised when her mother said, "I believe the pantry is hungry again. Don't you want to give it a birthday party?"

Now there wasn't anything which Nancy enjoyed more than birthday parties. So, while her mother mixed the cake and made the pudding and pies, she filled the Dutch oven at the side of the fireplace with hot coals to heat it ready for the baking, and hung the big iron kettle on the crane over the fire and filled it with water for boiling the pudding. And about that time, old Caleb happened to come up from the village with two wild turkeys which he had shot and a delicious roast of venison. And there was a dinner fit for a king!

But just when the happy old kitchen was beginning to smell like a big steaming spice jar, Mrs. Sutherland happened to look out of the big kitchen window and stopped, with a pie in her hand,



half way to the oven.

"Oh, Nancy!" she called with almost a sob in her voice, "some British soldiers are coming down the road! I'm afraid they are going to search the house. Run to the front door and try to keep them in the hall, if you possibly can, while I hide the dinner!"

Nancy Jane knew that something terrible had happened when she saw her mother's white face, and she ran to the door as fast as she could. But the men brushed past her and went up the stairs, two steps at a time, and began opening closet doors and trunks at a great rate. Some of them even climbed up

to the attic where Nancy knew there was nothing but old furniture and strings of onions and festoons of dried apples.

"Something must be done," said Nancy to herself, and put on her thinking cap. The Englishmen were cold and wet and probably hungry. Her eyes fell on the big popper hanging beside the fireplace in the hall. "Pop corn!" she almost shouted, "and 'lasses taffy, and a nice warm fire to sit by! Anybody would like that on a day like this."

In a minute she had raked out a bed of hot coals in the fireplace, filled the popper with just enough pop corn, and swung it on a chain over the fire. Then she ran for her mother's little black iron pan, which she called a "spider" because it had long legs to raise it above the coals, and filled it with molasses.

And before long, "Pop, pop! Look at me!" popped the pop corn, and "Bubble, bubble, don't I smell good?" bubbled the taffy, and the fragrance of both crept upstairs to the rooms where the tired Redcoats were overturning furniture and finding nothing for their trouble.

When, one by one, the men made their way downstairs, their noses sniffing and their mouths watering, they found a dainty little maid ready to welcome them with a smile.

"Don't some of you want to help?" she suggested. "Just keep the popper moving, so that the corn doesn't burn, while I get some butter and salt

and a big pan for it." Of course everybody wanted to help and to pull the taffy when it was ready—and to eat it, too! And, I guess, they would have stayed all day if their captain hadn't hurried them off to hunt for "some pesky Yankees" who had in some way managed to give them the slip.

When Nancy Jane had put everything away and had brushed up the hearth with the big turkey wing, she went back to the kitchen to help her mother again with the pantry's birthday party. Of course she was pretty tired by this time, so she sat down in her little rocker before the fire and perhaps she dozed

just a minute. At any rate, the strangest kind of a thing happened. Right before her eyes, the thick wall of the wood closet beside the fireplace, which was made of brick and had been there ever since Nancy could remember, cracked open and turned slowly, slowly, just like a door! And out of the darkness, stepped a dozen or more big soldiers—almost the way the rabbits come out of the magician's hat at the fair!

Nancy Jane rubbed her eyes once—she rubbed them twice—and then she rubbed them again to make sure that she wasn't dreaming. And she was just about to call her mother when her father's arms swept her off her feet and his dear voice said, "Happy birthday, daughter! Have those corn-eating Redcoats left anything for General Washington?"

The great General Washington had come to her birthday party! That meant that she must be on her good behavior. So she slipped from her father's arms and made her prettiest curtsey. But to her surprise, a kind voice said, "Oh, Mistress Nancy, haven't you something better than a curtsey to give an old father-general like me? Come to think of it, it's my birthday, too. Can't we celebrate together?"

Nancy Jane glanced up into the brave, sad face,

and something in her breast grew big and warm at the kindness which she saw there. And then, almost before she knew it, she had given General Washington a big bear hug, just like the hugs she

saved for her father, and she wasn't afraid at all. Of course the general told her all about the little son and daughter and their mother in far-away Virginia, and then she had to tell him about the hungry pantry with an appetite as big as that of a regiment.

"A most mysterious kind of a pantry," agreed the general, "and, if I am not mistaken, its contents often reached our table. Mistress Nancy, if it had not been for your

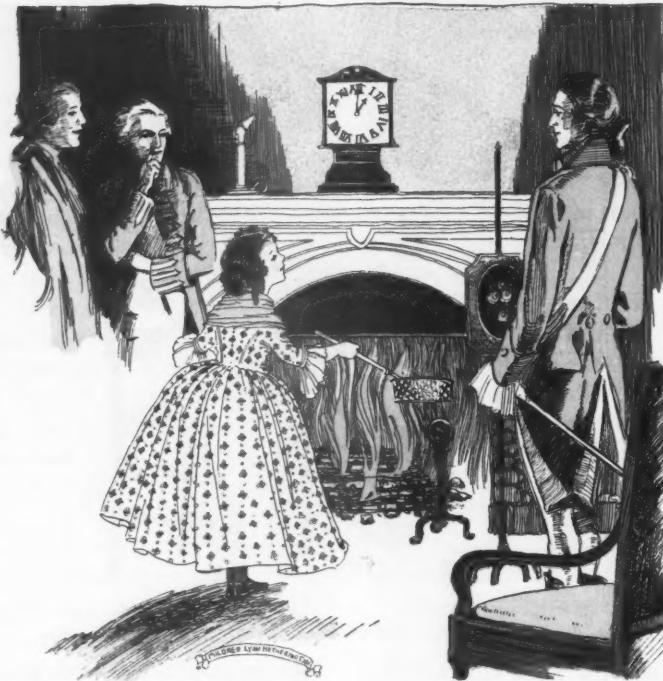
mother and you and the other good women of this country, our army could hardly have survived this winter."

"Well, at least there is plenty to eat today," suggested Captain Sutherland cheerfully. "But perhaps we'd better do our visiting in the 'hiding room.' "

Now Nancy Jane's eyes grew very big, indeed. Was there really a secret room in her own home, the home where she had lived all the ten years of her life—a room of which she knew absolutely nothing? But then she remembered the mysterious footsteps she had heard at night so many times during the past winter. Still pondering the problem, she went into the kitchen where she helped her mother heap the large platters high with venison, wild turkey, pudding and fragrant loaves of bread fresh from the oven.

Then each of the soldiers took a platter or a tray, heaped high with good things, and formed a merry procession in front of the big fireplace. To Nancy's surprise, though, the door in the wood closet had disappeared and she wasn't even sure that there ever had been one there.

But General Washington wasn't worried. "Since this is our birthday party, let's see whether you and I can find the magic key which opens the door to



safety," he suggested. So they made a great game of it and pressed brick after brick, until at last Nancy's little finger pressed the right one and the heavy door turned with hardly a creak. And there in the darkness they saw a ladder-like stairway which climbed round and round the chimney and led them at last into a big, airy room in the attic which Nancy had never even heard of.

"Well," said Nancy Jane, when she had a chance to look around a little, "I suppose this is where all those footsteps were!"

"Yes," her father answered with a smile, "your great grandfather built this room many years ago to protect his family from the Indians. It has saved the lives of many brave men and women in its time, and no one has ever betrayed its existence to the enemy. Your mother and I thought that you were too young to be burdened with the knowledge of its whereabouts, but I

think you have earned the right today." A note of pride crept into his voice as he turned to his commander. "Don't you think so, General?"

"I certainly do, Mistress Nancy," said Washington earnestly. "Your quick wit and excellent pop corn have perhaps saved the lives of all of us."

Nancy didn't know what to answer to such compliments and her cheeks grew very red. She curtseyed in her prettiest fashion, but couldn't think of a single word to say. Fortunately, just then she happened to discover a table which her mother had been arranging.



"Oh!" cried Nancy, forgetting her embarrassment as soon as she saw it. "O-o-oh! Look at that birthday cake!" Sure enough, there was the biggest and just about the most beautiful cake Nancy had ever seen, and on it were almost enough candles to light a room. There was a big one in the center for General Washington, and thirteen middle-sized ones for the colonies, and ten little ones for Nancy Jane. Of course the cake was covered with white icing, and on one side were the letters "G. W." and on the other "N. J. S." in pink.

It was such a beautiful cake that Nancy could hardly eat for looking at it. But everybody else ate and ate, until at last General Washington suggested that the British soldiers might come back for some more of Nancy Jane's pop corn and that the Americans had better be on their way. But before they left, each soldier had a smile and a "thank you" for

the little girl who had shared her birthday with the great American commander. As for General Washington himself, he received another of Nancy Jane's big bear hugs—just like the ones that she always saved for her father. Then she crept up the steep stairway to the mysterious hiding room to help her mother clean away the remains of her birthday feast.

Nancy Jane lived to celebrate her birthday and Washington's birthday many, many times, but she never forgot the happiest one of all up in the old hiding room.

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THE LINCOLN CABIN

By MARGARET WARDE

Author of the "Betty Wales" Series, the "Nancy Lee" Series, etc.

I'M TIRED of things that always happen the same way," said Dick.

It was evening of a warm, sloppy day in February. Dick had sat and looked out the schoolroom window—at nothing at all but a slushy road—when he should have been doing arithmetic problems, and now, when he wanted to be reading a new book, he had to do those old problems.

"Dear me!" Mother laughed at him across the table. "Do you mean me and my everlasting mending? If you could change your habits, you and Dolly and Father, so as not to have any holes in your stockings for awhile—"

"Poor Mommie! I presume holes are motonous," put in Dolly solemnly.

"You mean monotonous," Dick scowled at her loftily. "Well, school is monotonous for sure, and 'rithmetic and—and—winter 'n' spring 'n' summer. Even the fun you can have up on this farm is always just about the same."

"Why, Dick!" Dolly bobbed up again serenely, in spite of her big brother's scorn. "Things haven't been the same lately. I guess you've forgotten our new kind of Christmas."

"Well, that's just one thing," agreed Dick grudgingly. "That new Christmas was fine, and the best reason I had for liking it was because it was different."

"All right," said Mother briskly. "Let's have all the holidays different this year."

"Can we?" asked Dick.

"Can we?" echoed Dolly.

"We can try," said Mother.

"Well, but—" scowled Dick. "Now this month comes Valentine's Day. For that you have to use valentines, just as usual."

"Then let's not celebrate Valentine's Day this year," said Mother. "Let's choose different holiday for February."

Still Dick looked doubtful. "We've had lots of Washington's birthday parties, Mommie. And there are always hatchets for favors, and I can't learn to dance the minuet."

"Oh, well," said Mother, lofty in her turn, "I wasn't thinking of a Washington's birthday party—not exactly of any kind of what you'd call party. If you'll give me a day or two to plan, I think I can arrange something that you'll like. And it will be something you never, never, never did before!"

"For girls, too?" asked Dolly anxiously.

Mother thought a minute, and then she nodded. "Yes, for girls too."

"Something we never, never, *never* did before!" It sounded quite fairy-like, when Dick and Dolly repeated it next day at school.

"And will it be just for you two?" asked George Jones wistfully.

"Oh, no! Mommie said it would be for all the children," Dolly informed him joyously. "All the ones that go to school, and any more that don't—they're all invited. Of course, babies and those that are only three and four are too little," she finished loftily.

"But will there be much to pay?" persisted George.

Dolly was puzzled over that question, but Dick knew. "In the city, George," he announced, "things cost a heap more than they're worth, but out here in the country—well, anyhow when my mother plans, you don't have to pay. No matter how good a time you have, it won't cost you money."

"Not a cent," echoed Dolly.

Mother's plans took three whole days to make, while the children wondered and waited and tried to guess and couldn't. And then one afternoon Teacher didn't seem a bit surprised to have Mother



drive into the school yard with a very old man that nobody had seen before sitting beside her in the sleigh. They both got out and came in, and Teacher stopped teaching the geography class and let Mother ask the questions.

First Mother asked, "Where is Kentucky?" And George Jones found it on the map.

Then she asked, "Where is Indiana?" and Harriet found that. And Dolly found Illinois.

"Now," said Mother, "who knows of a man who lived in all those three states?"

Andy Wright raised his hand quickly. "My Uncle John lives in Indiana, and every year he goes to Chicago, Illinois, for his vacation."

"That's not right!" chorused the other children.

And then Tony Romano, the boy from Italy, raised his hand. "Abraham Lincoln, the great president, he was born in Kentucky, and raised Indiana, Illinois."

This time all the children clapped, because Tony had answered right. And then the old man stood right up and said, "Children, I knew Lincoln." And just from the way he said it, you felt sure there was a story coming. And there was—the story of a kindness that Abraham Lincoln had done for the old man's mother, when she was a poor widow in Washington, with herself and her little boy to support.

"My mother thought Lincoln was the kindest and the bravest and the greatest man that ever lived," said the old man. "She took me to see him just before he died, and she told me never to forget him—always to honor his memory and help others to honor it. That's why I want you people to build your Lincoln cabin over on my land." And with that he turned and smiled at Mother. "Now comes your story," he said, and sat down, and Mother explained her plan.

"One thing that I always loved about Lincoln was the log cabins he lived in," said Mother. "When I was a little girl, I used to wish that I could live in one too, somewhere out in the thick woods, with just one big fireplace to keep us warm, and one table

to sit around, and benches to sit on, and an outside fireplace to cook on. Did any of you ever want a cabin like that?"

"Yes! Yes!" cried every single child in the school.

"Well, now you can have it," said Mother. "Mr. Morris—the man who knew Lincoln—has just bought the Ward farm. He's going to spend his summers there. He says we may build our cabin in the little clearing across the brook from his house. Do you want to do that?"

"Yes! Yes!" cried every child again.

"Very well, then," said Mother. "There'll be no school on Lincoln's birthday this year. But there'll be a 'raising' up in the Ward clearing."

"What's a raising?" asked Jack Thompson.

Mother smiled. "Abraham Lincoln could have told you, or any of the old people around here can. When all the countryside gets together and works at building a house for somebody, that's a raising."

"What time to begin?" demanded Polish Marie practically.

"Well, your father and Harriet's father are going to get up very early and start drawing logs with their ox teams," explained Mother. "Some of the other fathers will be on hand at half past seven, with the plan that you're going to make this week for your cabin. They'll advise you just where to build it, and show you how to stake out the walls. If the ground needs leveling, they'll have to light fires to take the frost out."

"Can the girls work, too?" called out Dolly anxiously.

Of course, the boys laughed at that, but Mother didn't laugh. "Certainly they can," she said. "I thought we'd make the little outdoor fireplace for cooking. We can do that all ourselves. Mr. Morris says we may take stones from that broken-down old wall beside the brook. The big fireplace that will be at one end of the cabin must be very carefully built by masons, so that it won't smoke, and so that we'll never have a fire from a defective chimney.



Luckily, two of the fathers are masons and they'll do all they can on Lincoln's birthday—perhaps some of you boys can help them—and finish later, if there isn't time in one day. The other men and boys will build the house. And when the girls have finished their fireplace, I imagine it will be time to cook lunch for all the hungry workers. That's always the girls' part. Afterwards we might go to somebody's house and make the curtains, and a table cover perhaps, and talk over what else we shall want for the cabin."

Teacher had something to say then. "We sent to the state library for books about Lincoln. They've come, and you can take them out to-day at the close of school. The history class will drop its regular work and study Lincoln this week and next. Tomorrow we'll talk about his seven years in Kentucky.

"There are eight days left before Lincoln's birthday. If you are really interested, you can find out lots about Lincoln and frontie-days in Kentucky and Indiana and Illinois in eight days, she ended."

Some of the books had pictures of Lincoln's cabins. From these the children drew their plan—just a little rectangular one-room hut, with a door, a window across the back (which wasn't in the pictures) and a great chimney across one end.

The boys thought of hooks and nails on the walls for cooking pots. The girls thought of a cupboard for plates and knives and forks and spoons and for flour and bacon and other supplies, if any should be kept at the cabin.

The boys decided to organize a Lincoln Cabin Club, which should meet, with their fathers for honorary members, every Friday evening at the cabin, to tell stories and learn all the exciting things that fathers know, from building bird houses (Dick's father) and tying sailors' knots (George Jones's grandfather) to making hens lay (Andy's father) and rescuing drowning persons (Doctor Smith, who was nobody's father, but every boy's uncle-by-

adoption). They could hardly wait to begin meetings.

The girls decided to organize a Lincoln Outing Club, to meet Saturday afternoons at the cabin, with Teacher and Dolly's mother for leaders. They would go on a hike first, or have a skating party, and then come back to the cabin and learn to braid rugs, just as the pioneer women did, and when they were tired of that, study other exciting things that Teacher and Dolly's mother would plan. And sometimes the Lincoln Outing Club and the Lincoln Cabin Club would meet together for a grand celebration.

It is pretty hard work to build a log cabin, but fifteen men and twenty-two boys and girls and a few women can do most of it in one day, if they plan right, start early, and work hard.

The first meetings of the Lincoln Cabin Club and the Lincoln Outing Club had to be postponed, because the cabin roof wasn't quite finished. And at the postponed first meetings the members had to defer their regularly arranged programs and spend their time filling up chinks in the logs with oakum. For no fire, however big the logs or hot

the blaze, will warm up all outdoors, as Dick announced sadly; and all the chill of winter seemed to creep in through those chinks.

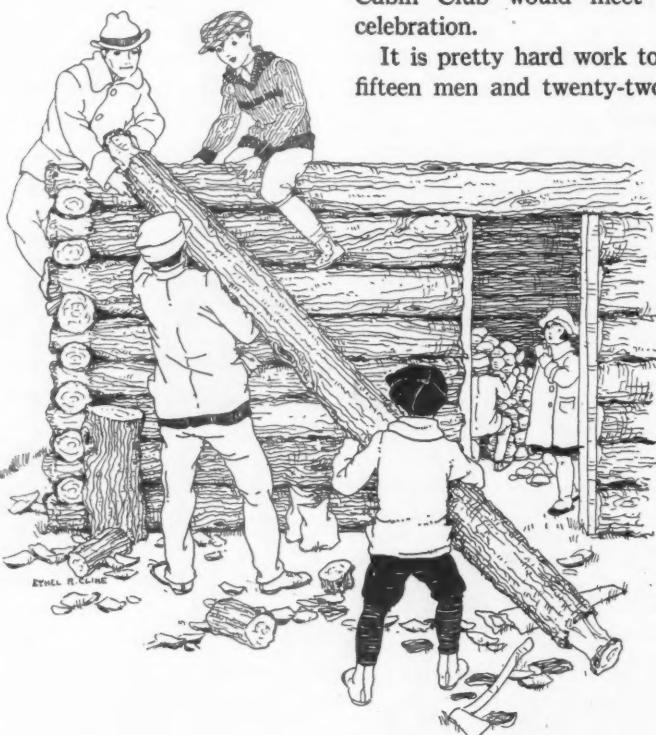
"Say, Mother, that cabin is just great," said Dick, home from the second meeting of the Lincoln Cabin Club.

"I'm glad that smelly old oakum is all pounded in," said Dolly.

"Oh, I like to pound in oakum," said Dick. "We'll probably find more chinks later, and I hope we do. But I also wish it was warm weather, so we could get to work on the rustic furniture we planned tonight. As soon as we can work outdoors, we're going to make a nicer table, and easy chairs for the honorary members."

"That cabin makes me feel like a regular pioneer," put in Dolly enthusiastically.

"You mean pioneer," Dick suggested pleasantly. "Never mind, Dolly, I 'spose you'll grow up to your long words some day."



(Continued on page 108)

JUST LIKE THIS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BESS DEVINE JEWELL

There was a little shack in the park where the boys often went to get warm after skating. One night Pudgy said, "I'll tell you a story about two boys you all know." Then they all listened—

JUST LIKE THIS



These boys heard that anyone eating the nuts of knowledge would know all things. "We'll find those nuts," they said, "and learn radio secrets." Then experts would seek their advice—

JUST LIKE THIS



Thrilled with this idea, they set out on their journey. After a short walk, they saw a peanut wagon. Overjoyed at the thought of finding the nuts here, they bought several bags—

JUST LIKE THIS



They enjoyed the feast, but after waiting to see if it "took," they admitted they hadn't felt any "brain storm." Farther on they met a man selling chestnuts. They bought these—

JUST LIKE THIS



After eating them, they decided that they felt fuller but no smarter. Passing a drug store, they thought of a delicious nut sundae. Ordering one, they soon got busy with two spoons—

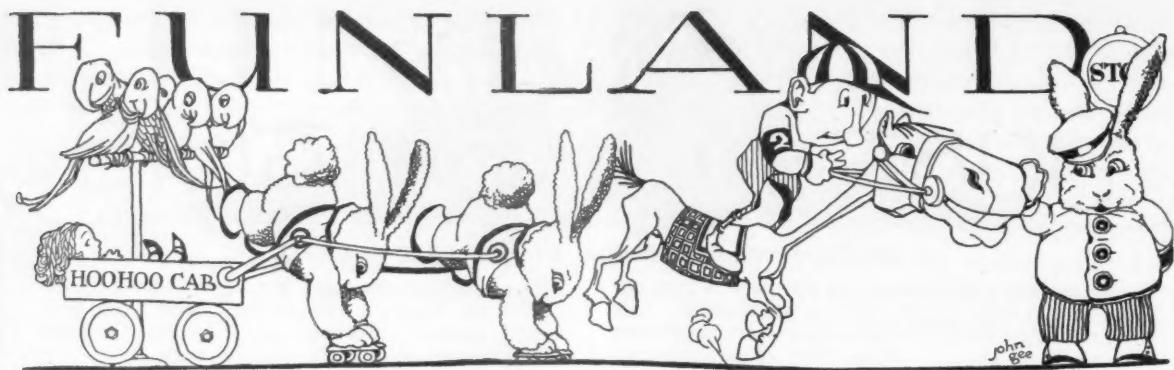
JUST LIKE THIS



Now they did feel different. But the feeling was all in their "tummies." Too many nuts! No short cut to knowledge, they decided, but they knew a quick way home and they took it—

JUST LIKE THIS





DIZZY LIZZIE IN CRACKO-CRAZENIA

By HUGH LOFTING

Author of The Story of Doctor Dolittle, Voyages of Doctor Dolittle, Doctor Dolittle's Post Office, Doctor Dolittle's Circus, The Tale of Mrs. Tubbs, Porridge Poetry

THESE adventures of Dizzy Lizzie, of which I am now about to tell you, took place in Cracko-Crazenia.

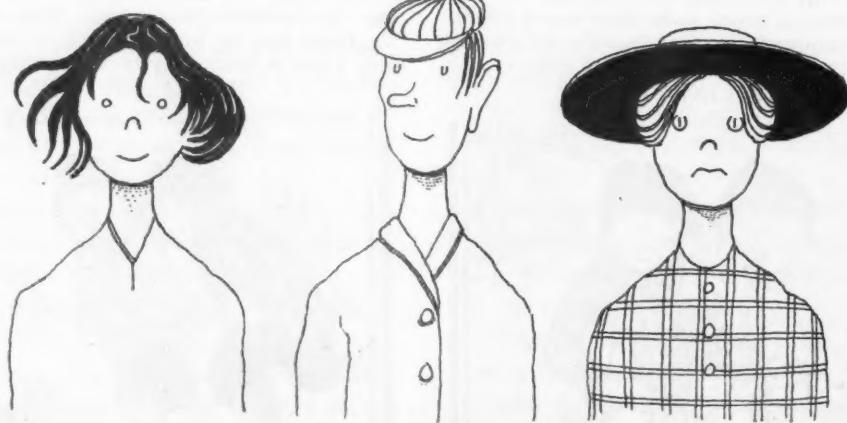
Cracko-Crazenia was a republic. It was only occupied during the season. The Crazenian season was of course the crazy season; that is, early spring. And during the months of March, April and May all the March Hares, the April Fools and May Queens came to this remarkable country, just as people go to southern resorts in the winter and to seaside or mountain places in summer. With this difference: during out-of-season times Crazenia was entirely uninhabited, nobody stayed there; even the mice and the house flies moved out.

This had a curious and important result: there were no "natives." You all know what natives are. Natives of a country are those

people who sell eggs and vegetables to the visitors "just to oblige them." Ordinarily between natives and visitors there is always a certain amount of rivalry. The natives consider themselves the most important part of the population because they were the first people there. And the visitors feel that since they bring the most money into a place they are just as important as the natives—if not more so.

But in Cracko-Crazenia all that sort of thing was avoided—on purpose. A rule had been made (the only written rule that the republic had in its whole Constitution) that no one should remain in the country out of season. It worked splendidly. Nobody being allowed

to become a native, there was no patriotism and no flag-waving. The only thing that a Crazenian was asked to be loyal to was his fellowman,



DIZZY LIZZIE

ALOYSIUS THE AWKWARD

ANXIOUS AGGIE

whatever his race, creed or color might be.

Dizzy Lizzie, the famous founder of Crazy Day, would of course be among the very first to hear of such a country as Cracko-Crazenia. She had begun, and continued, to spend her springs there (whenever she could get away) almost as soon as the country had come into being. She had indeed done much towards the government of that pleasant and interesting republic. She was the first woman-member elected to the Crazenian Senate. And it was she who introduced the bill allowing all children over eight years of age to vote.

The government of Crazenia was peculiar but simple. At the beginning of the season the frontiers were opened and any one admitted who wanted to come in. On a certain day the Congress, Senate and Cabinet for that year were elected and everyone was allowed to vote.

Then you staked out a piece of land (and

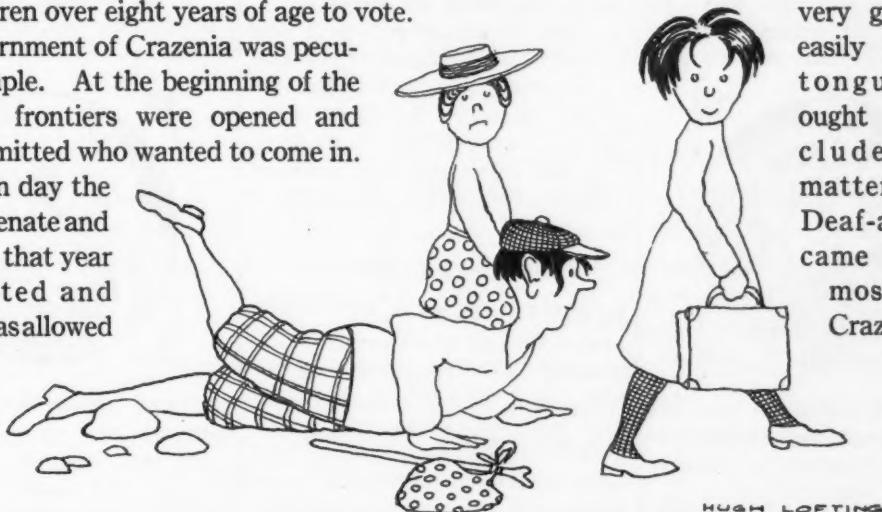
put a house on it, if you cared for houses) and it became yours for the season. At the end of the season everything had to be left just as it was and all became public property again.

You might think that this would cause a good deal of squabbling. But it didn't, because the kind of people who came there were mostly very free and easy, happy-go-lucky folks who did not believe in weighting themselves down with a lot of property and responsibilities. And if, when he returned the following season, a man found the house he had last year already occupied by some one else, he never grumbled about having to look for another one. Usually he was glad of the change, feeling that novelty and variety were very important to a wide experience and a well-ordered life. Oh no, Crazenia was a most peaceful place. And free? Why, it was the freest country in the world! There

was written in letters of stone over the government building in the Capitol city of Nut-hatch, "*Here, So Long as You Don't Interfere with the Other Fellow's Rights, You Can Do as You Please.*"

As for language, all tongues were officially permitted. At one session of the Crazenian Government, a list was drawn up and it was found that there were thirty-nine languages in daily use. It was Dizzy Lizzie who asked the Home Secretary to add to the list Baby

Talk, as being a very general and easily understood tongue which ought to be included. As a matter of fact, Deaf-and-Dumb came to be the most popular Crazenian dialect, on account of the variety of folks that



made up the populace; and in Crazenia, where peace was prized above all things, its noiseless quality made it still more popular.

There was, it is true, a sort of Cracko-Crazenian Police Force, the members of which wore a special kind of high silk hat so you could recognize them. But in spite of everyone's being as free and crazy as he liked, there was very little law-breaking; and the policemen's chief duties were to act as guides to newcomers; to take care of street accidents and regulate traffic. Only the most polite and intelligent were selected for police work.

Dizzy Lizzie, during the year that she was Commissioner of Police, introduced a rule having the traffic constables carry balloons to give the children crossing the streets and spare umbrellas for the citizens on rainy days.

To Crazenia from every corner of the earth

(Continued on page 104)

THE TOYTOWN TATTLER

By Alfred Wideman



Price 4 Gumdrops

FRIGHTFUL COLLISION ON BOULEVARD

A Toytown druggist sold two extra bottles of vaseline to the Toytown hospital last night.

Not very exciting, you say? Ah, but the event that made the vaseline necessary was exciting enough! At least, the two toys who were mixed up in the situation can tell you that they had enough of a



thrill for one night. If you will sit on that bench over there and be as quiet as a goldfish, our reporter will tell you what he saw.

Blickity Bicks, a white Teddy Bear, was riding in his roller skate on Poochykoochy Boulevard, and was going due east at a furious speed. Blacketty Blacks, a red-headed monkey, was heading towards the setting sun on Poochykoochy Boulevard, his automobile consisting of a tin cracker box mounted on spools. Now, you can't tell us that Blickity Bicks didn't see Blacketty Blacks, or that Blacketty Blacks didn't see Blickity Bicks soon enough to avoid what happened, but neither would slow down for the other.

"Look out! I'm coming!" shouted the Teddy Bear.

"Look out! I'm coming!" shrieked the monkey.

"Look out! You've come!" belled a rhinoceros policeman sarcastically from the sidewalk, as the two speed-crazed toys crashed together violently and rolled all over the street. Before you could wiggle your little toe everybody in Toytown was on the scene, and, amid great commotion, the bear

and monkey were rushed to the hospital on an iron fire engine. The doctors and rag doll nurses soon had the patients well bandaged, and the speeders were able to express their thoughts again.

"Didn't I tell you I was coming?" growled Blickity Bicks, looking across the bed at the monkey.

"Well, didn't I tell you I was coming?" howled Blacketty Blacks.

"Keep quiet, or you'll both be going!" suggested the nurse, winking at Doctor Elephant to show that she didn't think the patients were in a very serious condition.

ADVERTISEMENTS

RUBBER PUSSYCAT gives squeak lessons to kitties who lack training. Cats taught to mew for milk, purr for sardines, howl for help, and lick postage stamps for their mistresses. Class lessons every night on various back porches. Furred circular free on request. Address: Mewmewsia McPinkypaws, 68 Caterwaul Court, Soapbox C.

DISTRESSED ELEPHANT lady is in urgent need of nursemaid to care for young plush elephant while mother attends to social duties. Young elephant has loyng disposition, but is somewhat heavy. Only very strong persons need apply, therefore. Telephone Trunkytrunk 8076 any day but Tuesday, Sunday, Friday, Monday, Thursday, Saturday, or Wednesday. Mrs. Fattyhatty Mennypounds.

IRON HORSE wishes position as door stop in wealthy family's home. Formerly belonged to Toytown Fire Department, and recently discharged because of shortage of fires. Physical description: black mane, black tail, black ears, black eyes, black hoofs and black teeth. Slightly rusty, due to heavy rains. Address Whinneyhoof Wait-aminit Whoa, 916 Lottymuddy Alley.

CELLULOID DOLLS! Enjoy the latest sport, fishback riding, at

Toytown's Tank. Tame rubber fishes for rent by the hour. Our tank is not open in the evening, but is closed all day, so come early.

ARTISTIC LION PAINTS PORTRAITS

We all know that Toytown is full of clever people, but I wonder if you have heard about the plush



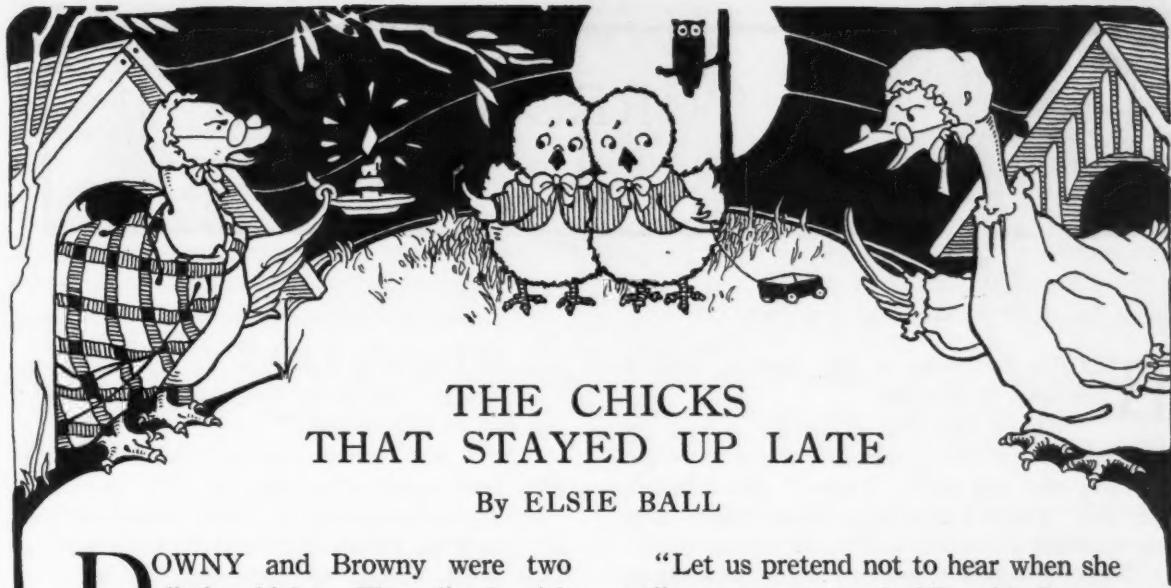
lion who paints dolls' portraits with his tail. You don't know many lions who can do *that*, now, do you? Of course, he is rushed with orders from all the dolls who pretend to be anybody at all.

The reporter for the Tattler visited the studio of this unusual animal one day last week, and found that the workroom consisted of a very pleasantly situated packing case, on which was printed, in large letters, "Tomato soup." The door opened in response to a gentle knock, and a shaggy head peered out.

"Mr. Tomato Soup, I believe," said the reporter.

"That's the name of the former occupant," boomed the lion. "I'm Tailbrush U. Paintem. Come in and see my work."

A fashionable china doll was having her likeness painted on a wash-cloth canvas, and the talented lion proceeded to show his skill by dipping his paint-brush tail into various cups of color and producing a charming picture. The portrait was so like the original that the reporter, on leaving, shook hands with the picture instead of the dolly, to the great delight of Tailbrush U. Paintem.



THE CHICKS THAT STAYED UP LATE

By ELSIE BALL

DOWNY and Browny were two little chicks. They lived with their mother, Mrs. Hen, and their nine brothers and sisters in a wee house with a slanting roof in Mr. Farmer's back yard.

They had a very pleasant time. They would walk over the green grass in the sunshine, talking and playing with one another for hours at a time. But their mother was very strict about some things. If she called "Cluck, Cluck!" they had to run to her that very minute.

Sometimes she called them because she had something for them to eat.

"Little chicks must eat enough or they will not be strong," she said.

Sometimes she called them because she was afraid they were in danger.

"Little chicks must keep close to their mother to be safe," she said.

Every evening she called them when it was time to go to bed.

"Little chicks must go to sleep early," she said, "or they will not grow. They are like little children; they grow best when they are asleep."

One evening Downy and Browny were naughty.

"Let us pretend not to hear when she calls us to go to bed," said Downy in a very low whisper. "Then we will run away and stay up as late as we please."

"Let us hide behind this big leaf," said Browny. "Then she cannot see us."

So they hid behind the big leaf, and when all their brothers and sisters were asleep, they ran away to find some one else to play with.

First they went to Mrs. Duck.

"Mrs. Duck," they asked, "may your ducklings come out and play with us?"

"Quack, quack!" said Mrs. Duck. "No, indeed! My ducklings are all asleep, as all proper ducklings should be at this time."

Then they went to Mrs. Goose.

"Mrs. Goose," they asked, "may your goslings come out and play with us?"

Mrs. Goose hissed so fiercely that they were frightened.

"No, indeed!" she said. "My goslings are all asleep, as all proper goslings should be at this time."

Mrs. Goose was so angry that the two little chicks ran away as fast as they could go.

"Let us go to Mrs. Pigeon," said Downy. "She is always polite." So they went to Mrs. Pigeon.

(Continued on page 102)





THREE GOLDEN APPLES

By ELLA YOUNG

BALOR'S Son woke in the morning with a grievance in his mind.

"What's the good of having a king for your father," he said to himself, "if you never get anything that you want? I wish I wasn't Balor's only son. I wish I lived in a country where there was sunshine in the sky and apples on the trees—O, I wish I were a beggar-boy with the world to wander in!"

He felt so sorry for himself that he began to cry, softly at first and then loudly—very loudly indeed.

The First Lord-in-Waiting hurried in, with the Second Lord-in-Waiting at his heels.

"O noble prince," said the First Lord, "what distresses you?"

"I want an apple tree!" said Balor's Son. "I want a white horse that can go over land and water; I want a silver branch with three golden apples on it!"

"Alas!" said the First Lord-in-Waiting, wiping a tear out of his eyes.

"Alas!" said the Second Lord, copying him.

"Alas!" said the two of them together. "You've been listening to faery tales, most noble Prince!"

"I have not!" said Balor's Son stoutly.

"Where did you get word, then," said the First Lord, "of a horse that goes over land and sea, or of the silver branch with golden apples?"

"I got word of them from a boy I met in the Garden of Twisted Trees in the dusk of yestereve,

the time I ran away from you all. He told me of those things—and other things, too. O, I wish I had him to talk to now!"

"Don't wish a bad wish like that," said the First Lord severely, "or you may find yourself in Faery Land, for it was a lad out of Faery Land that told you of the golden apples and of the white horse. That horse belongs to Mananaun, the King of Faery Land; and the golden apples belong to his son, Angus."

"And to what person does the Pooka belong?" said Balor's Son.

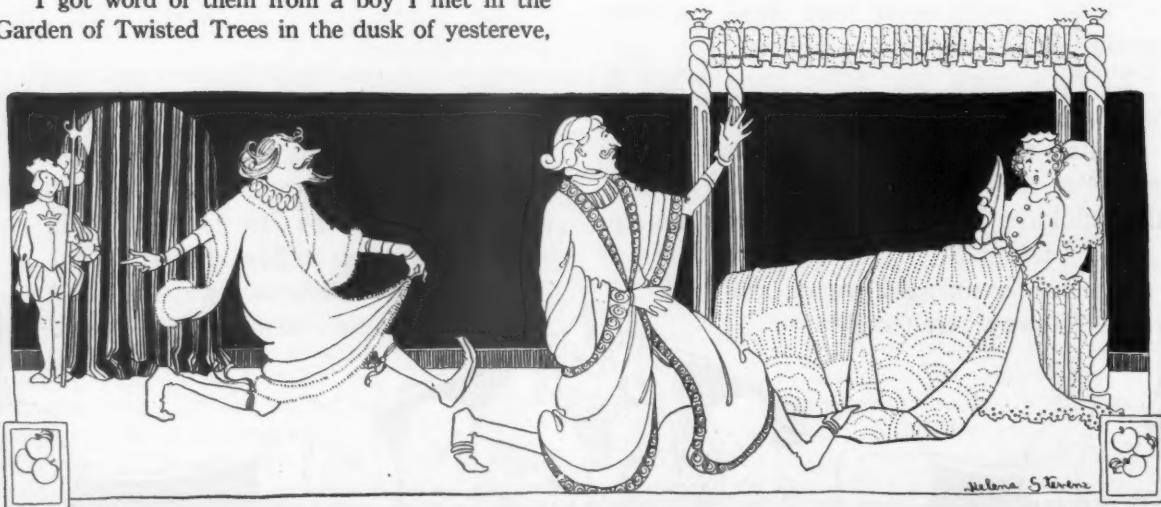
"The Pooka," said the First Lord, "is a tricky little spirit that belongs to Faery Land; and the less you trouble your head about these things the better!"

"How does one go to Faery Land?" asked Balor's Son.

"No one in this country knows," said the First Lord, "and of a certainty you, most noble prince, are not going there."

Balor's Son shut his lips tightly. He had got as much information as he was likely to get and he had made up his mind.

He was so very good all day that he was given his best royal crown to wear and his best royal mantle. He had both these on him when he stole away in the dusk to look for Faery Land.



Beyond the Garden of Twisted Trees there was a high wall, and on the top of the wall a row of sharp iron spikes. The sky was beyond the wall, and nothing else that Balor's Son could see. He went from end to end of the wall, looking for a doorway, or a loose place in the stones where he could climb, or a broken place where he could crawl out, but he found everywhere the same solid, smooth, iron-spiked wall.

He sat down on the ground, and nothing but the thought of the First and Second Lords-in-Waiting prevented him from lifting up his voice in a wail fitting to the occasion.

"I won't cry," he said to himself. "No, I won't cry—to please them!"

All at once he knew that he was not alone. Beside him stood the boy he had spoken with the evening before. He was a slender lad with pale gold hair and shining gray eyes.

"Put your hand in mine," he said to Balor's Son, "and I will take you into Faery Land."

Balor's Son reached a hand. He heard a sound like a clap of thunder and shut his eyes tight. When he opened them he was in a wood. He had never seen anything like the trees of that wood. The leaves were very young and green and the sunshine made patterns on the moss all about his feet. A little path wound away and away into the heart of the wood and Balor's Son went along the path. It seemed to him that he walked and walked and walked for hours before he came to an open space and, peering through the branches, saw an old man seated on a stone. He was wrapped in a cloak that had nine capes, each one more richly embroidered than the other. Beside him stood a young man with a sunburnt face and poor and tattered clothes. They were talking together. Balor's



Son sharpened his ears to listen.

"Are you not tired," said the old man, "are you not tired, Angus, of walking the roads of the world with the bitter wind in your face and the clogging dust on your feet? Are you still eager to leave riches and go a-begging?"

"I am still eager," said the young man "for change, though it be from blue and gray, and for the road where all things may happen!"

Just then a Pooka came out from between the trees. It looked like a little snow-white kid with golden horns and silver hoofs, but it could take any shape it had a fancy for. When it saw Angus it smiled and made one jump onto his shoulder.

"Look at this!" said Angus. "I never can say anything important without being interrupted!"

"What do you want?" he said to the Pooka, pretending to be cross.

"O, nothing at all, only to listen to your wise talk; it does me good," said the Pooka, prancing on Angus' shoulder. "I'll soon be the wisest Pooka in the world!"

At this Balor's Son burst out of hiding.

"Pooka! Pooka! Pooka!" he yelled. "I want you, come here!"

The Pooka jumped behind Angus. Balor's Son tried to seize it. Angus put out a hand.

"Who are you?" he said.

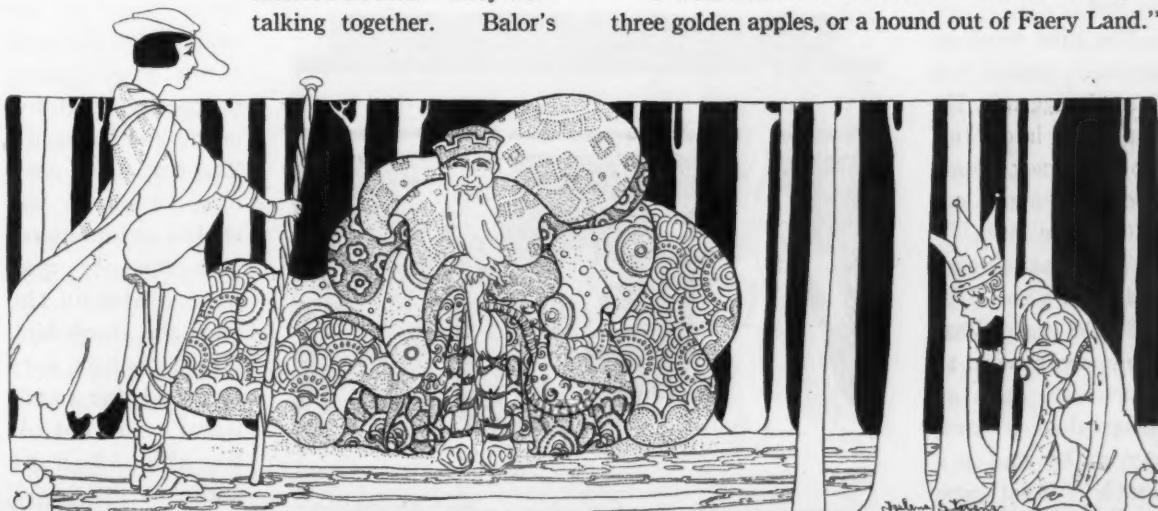
"I am a Royal Prince," said the boy, trying to look big.

"I see that you are wearing a crown," said Angus.

"I am Balor's own son. I have come out to look for treasure, and if you have anything, I command you to give it to me at once."

"What would you like?" said Angus.

"I would like the white horse of Mananaun, or three golden apples, or a hound out of Faery Land."



"They say it's lucky to be good to poor folk," said Angus. "If you are good to us, perhaps you may find a treasure."

"If you do not get up at once and hunt about for a treasure for me, I will tell my father, Balor, and he will wither you off the face of the earth."

"O, give me a little time," said Angus, "and I'll look for something."

The Pooka, who had been listening to everything, now skipped out from his hiding place with a turnip in his mouth—he was holding it by the green leaves.

"The very thing!" said Angus. "Here is a treasure!" He took the turnip in his hands and passed his fingers over it. The turnip became a great white egg and the leaves turned into gold and crimson spots and spread themselves over the egg.

"Now look at this!" said Angus. "It is an enchanted egg. You have only to keep it till you do three Good Actions, and then it will hatch out into something splendid."

"Will it hatch into Mananaun's white horse?" asked Balor's Son.

"It depends on the Good Actions you do; everything depends on that."

"What is a Good Action?"

"Well, if you were to go quietly away, and never tell anyone you had seen us, it would be a Good Action."

"I'll go," said Balor's Son. He took the egg in his hands, kicked up a toe-full of earth at the Pooka, and went.

He hadn't gone far when he heard a bird singing. He looked and saw a little bird on a furze bush.

"Stop that noise!"
he said.

The bird went on singing. Balor's Son flung the egg at it. The egg turned into a turnip and struck a hare. The hare jumped out of the furze bush.

"My curse on you," said Balor's Son, "for a brittle egg! What came over you to hatch into nothing better than a hare! My grief and my trouble! What came



over you to hatch out at all when this is only my second Good Action?"

He turned to go back to his own country. At first he walked with big steps, puffing his cheeks vaingloriously, but little by little a sense of loss overcame him and as he thought how nearly he had earned the white horse of Mananaun, or three golden apples, or some greater treasure, two tears slowly rolled down his snub nose.

Angus and the old man and the Pooka were still in the little clearing when Balor's Son passed back through it. The moment he came in sight, the Pooka changed himself into a squirrel and ran up the oak tree; Angus changed himself into an oak leaf and fell softly on a bank of moss; the old man sat quite still and looked at Balor's Son.

"The egg hatched out," said Balor's Son. "It was a bad egg. I wish that I had thrown it at the beggar-man's head!"

The old man smiled and picked up the oak leaf. He pressed his hands over it and it became a great golden egg with green and purple spots on it.

"Give it to me! Give it to me!" yelled Balor's Son. "It's better than the first egg, and the first egg is broken. Give it to me."

"This egg is too precious for you," said the old man. "I must keep it in my own hands."

"Then I will blast you and all the forest and every living thing! I have only to roar three times, and three armies of my people will come to help me. Give me the egg, or I will roar."

"I will keep this egg in my own hands," said the old man.

Balor's Son shut his eyes tight and opened his mouth very wide to let out a great roar, and it is likely he would have been heard at the other end of the world if the Pooka hadn't dropped a handful of acorns into his mouth. The roar never came out. Balor's Son choked and spluttered and the old man patted him on the back and shook him. He shook him very hard, and after a while Balor's Son got his breath; then he said:



"I will not blast you this time; I will do a Good Action. I will let you carry the egg, and you can be my slave and treasure-finder!"

"I am Mananaun," said the old man.

"O," cried Balor's Son, when he had heard this, "O, I want a White—"

He heard the Pooka laughing behind him.

"What are you laughing at?" he cried, turning sharply round.

There was no Pooka! There was no laughter! He turned again. There was no old man, and no bank of moss!

He rubbed his eyes, he shut them and opened them three times, he dug his knuckles into them—there was no Pooka, no bank of moss, no old man!

"What ails you, Balor's Son?" said a voice. It came from a tree above him, and looking up he saw a white bird with a ruby-colored breast and emerald eyes.

"I'm the most unfortunate prince that ever lived!" said Balor's Son. "I've lost my Luck-Egg."

"I've lost three Seeds of Good Luck, myself," said the bird.

"What are Seeds of Good Luck?" asked Balor's Son. "Are they as good as Luck-Eggs?"

"That depends," said the bird, "on the person who plants them—they might grow into anything!"

"Where did you lose them?" said Balor's Son.

"In the hollow of the tree I'm sitting on," said the bird.

"I'll get them," said Balor's Son, and he began to break his way into the hollow of the tree. It was hard work, but he kept at it till he could put head and shoulder and a searching hand into the hollow. He found three hard, shining seeds, and, straightening himself, he cried:

"I've got them, White Bird."

The bird had gone.

"I'll keep them myself," said Balor's Son.

"Will you?" asked a voice with laughter in it—a voice that he knew.

It was the Pooka come back!



This time he looked like a great stag with branching horns. His hide was silver spotted with gold.

"Give the seeds to me," said the Pooka, "and I will let you ride on my back."

"No," cried Balor's Son, "I will give the seeds to the owner!"

"That will be a Good Action," said the Pooka.

"White Bird! White Bird! White Bird!" cried Balor's Son.

From the far blueness of the sky the white bird descended whirling and poising and falling as lightly as a petal of apple blossom or a flake of wind-lifted snow.

"Give the seeds to Angus, the beggar-man, with my blessing," cried the white bird, circling and poising.

"Angus! Angus! Angus!" called Balor's Son, and before the last word left his mouth he saw that the beggar-man was standing between the trees.

Balor's Son gave him the seeds.

Angus took the seeds. He put one on his forehead where it shone like a king's jewel. He threw one into the air and it became a golden bird, circling and poising with its ruby-breasted fellow. He planted one. It came up a little slender apple tree. It grew and blossomed and three big yellow apples hung on it—the sweetest apples in all the world! Angus gathered the apples. He kept one. He gave one to the Pooka.

"Good luck, and may your hand never be empty," said the Pooka, as he took the golden apple that Angus gave him.

He gave one to Balor's Son.

"Here," said he, "is fruit untasted save in Faery Land. Keep it till you go into your own country, or no one will believe you ever had it."

"Good luck, and may your hand never be empty," said Balor's Son, and he stepped blithely homeward. But he hadn't taken three steps before he fell to munching the apple. That is why no one believed him when he got home.





PUZZLE—FIND FRIAR TUCK

HELEN HUDSON

BOLD ROBIN sought the jolly friar
The wedding banns to say,
For Allan Dale and Ellen fair,
Whom chance had brought his way.

Now Friar Tuck of ballad fame
Right gladly lent a hand.
He matched his strength with Robin's own
And joined his merry band.



THE ADVENTURE OF THE SEVEN KEYHOLES

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

Author of "*The Boarded Up House*," "*Melissa-Across-the-Fence*," "*The Girl Next Door*," "*When a Cobbler Ruled a King*," etc.

WHAT HAPPENED IN PARTS I AND II

Grandpa Fairfax had willed a big brass key to Barbara—a big brass key to seven mysterious keyholes in the dilapidated Fairfax mansion on Pine Point. The most important of these was the seventh keyhole, according to the will, and his granddaughter must find them all herself. Barbara had a hard time evading Kit and Kat, the inquisitive Carroll twins, when she started on her search. She thought at first that she had succeeded, but just as she found the first keyhole and was about to open it, she turned and saw them, hanging over one of the window ledges and grinning teasingly at her. When they finally left her, she turned the key and drew out a letter from Grandpa Fairfax. In this he explained that she would not fully understand the quest on which he had sent her until she reached the seventh keyhole. On her next visit to the old mansion, she found the second keyhole in her grandfather's old secretary desk, but just as she was about to discover its secret, there came a terrific clap of thunder and a great black cloud blotted out the sun, enveloping the room in a kind of dim twilight.

PART III

IT PROVED to be the worst thunder-storm that Barbara had ever lived through. Before the hardest rain came, she had managed to rush around closing windows and doors, realizing that, much as she longed to be safely home with her aunt in this crisis, she couldn't possibly get there. She was afraid of thunderstorms since the time she had once seen a great tree blasted by lightning—a tree that had stood right in front of her aunt's house. She knew she was perfectly safe in such storms if she remained indoors, but she shivered and huddled in the corner of an old dilapidated sofa now, hiding her eyes from the glare of the lightning.

But at last it was over, as all such storms pass, rapidly and with dull mutterings of thunder. Barbara went about opening the

windows again, glad to breathe once more the sweet outer air, fresh and rain-washed and odorous of wet pine needles. Then she made a mad rush for the key, climbed on the wooden chair and, after the long delay, unlocked the second keyhole.

Something like a very small door opened, revealing behind it a tiny shallow space scarcely large enough to hold more than a thin packet of letters. It was nothing but an envelope with Barbara's name on it in Grandpa Fairfax's shaky handwriting.

"Mercy!" cried Barbara aloud. "Has he left me nothing but letters in each one of these places?" To tell the truth, she was not a little disappointed, having expected to find something strange and wonderful in each one of these hiding places. However, she took it out, got down from her perch and eagerly opened it. There emerged a sheet of paper written in her grandfather's hand and she fell to devouring at once what he had written.

"Perhaps you may be disappointed, my little Barbara, at first, when you discover this keyhole and its contents (it ran). But have patience—and read what I have to tell you here. Do not slight this rickety old desk, for it is a very wonderful piece of furniture and has a wonderful history. Up till a very few years ago it stood out in the wood shed and had been used ever since I could remember for keeping chicken feed in. When your Aunt Lucreech moved away to her house farther down the river,

she took with her the only available writing desk in the house and I looked around for something to fill its place. And in so doing, I discovered the possibilities of our old chicken-feed receptacle.

"It was so covered with dirt and dust as to be hardly recognizable and so broken and decrepit as to be all but useless. When I had cleaned it up and repaired it as best I could (I am a poor carpenter if I *am* a good locksmith!), I discovered some curious things about it. To begin with, it was made of wonderful wood—the very finest English walnut, in fact—and only needs scraping and polishing to restore it to its rightful beauty. In the second place, being something of an antiquarian (which, you know, means a person who loves old things), I guessed that it was made by some famous furniture maker, probably a couple of centuries ago in England, and would be extremely valuable if repaired and polished to its former luster. People nowadays often pay hundreds of dollars for a genuine bit of rare furniture like this. I had no skill to accomplish this myself and, for reasons of my own, I decided not to do anything about havin' it restored at that time.

"Then, one day, I made another discovery about it, one that made me very glad I had not sent it away to be fixed. Quite by accident, in passing my hand over the side where you found the key-hole (there wasn't any there then) I pressed what must have been a secret spring and a tiny door flew open, revealing something—but there, I cannot tell you what it revealed, for that is the secret of the third keyhole!

"At any rate, it was all so surprising to me, that I determined to find out the history of this wonderful desk if possible. I knew that my grandfather, the one who had built this house, had come originally from Georgia and I had heard that he was said to have brought quite a collection of his historic family furniture with him. Suspecting that this desk might be one of those pieces, I wrote to a cousin down in Savannah, a very elderly lady, asking if she had ever heard much about my grandfather and his furniture and telling her about the desk.

"She answered

that she remembered quite well the time he went away to the North. He had sold his big plantation that was near to "Mulberry Grove," the famous plantation once belonging to General Nathanael Greene, and much of his furniture, except some old, historic pieces that he would not part with. She said her father wanted him to leave that desk to him, but my grandfather said no, it had been given to his father by the widow of General Greene and therefore he wouldn't part with it on any account.

"So there you are, my little Barbara. Not only is this desk a wonderful old piece of furniture in itself, but it was once owned and used by General Greene himself. Think of it! And if you know your history, as I think you do, you will remember that, next to Washington, Greene was the most important general in the Revolutionary War.

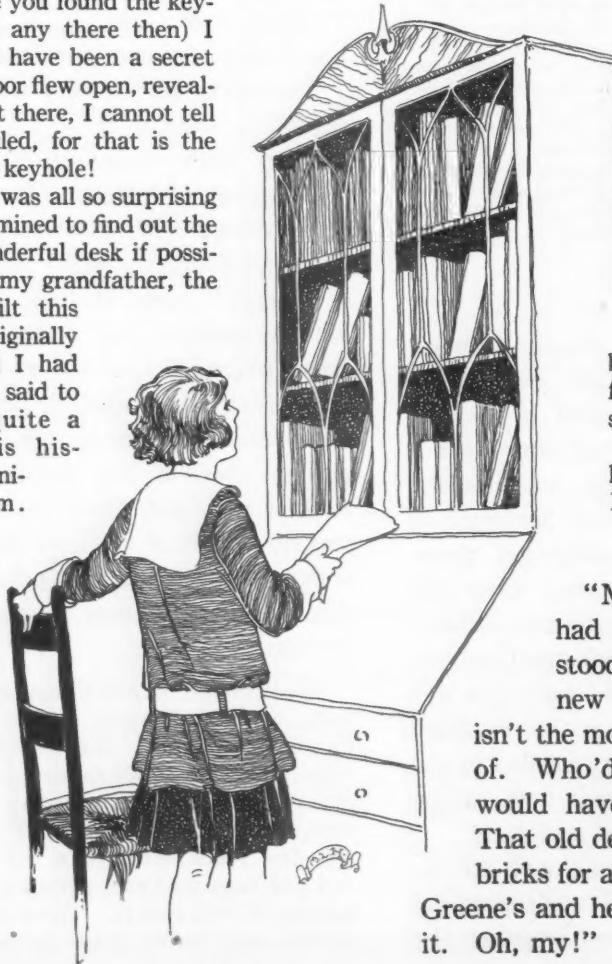
"So, because I have seen signs in you that you, too, are one day going to love "old things," if you don't already, I give you this rare old desk which no one else about here has ever thought enough of to use for anything but chicken feed. Keep it till you grow older and then have it put in proper condition. Then you may still keep it, or sell it, if you think best. And if you do the latter, it will undoubtedly bring you a very pretty price.

"As for the third keyhole, I think I had best give you a hint, for I warn you it will be rather difficult to find. But this, at least, I will tell you. It isn't five feet in any direction from the second, and that is all I shall say about it now. I pretty nearly forgot to tell you that I myself arranged the lock of the second keyhole on the little secret door, because I wanted you to have the fun of finding that door for yourself.

"Now go and hunt for the third keyhole and keep in mind what I told you about it.

GRANDPA FAIRFAX."

"My!" cried Barbara when she had finished reading this and stood gazing at the old desk with new eyes, as it were. "If this isn't the most exciting thing I ever heard of. Who'd have thought it? Whoever would have thought of such a thing? That old desk—all propped up with four bricks for a leg—and it was once General Greene's and he may have written letters on it. Oh, my!"



Words failed her and she gazed and gazed, trying to remember all she had ever read or studied about General Greene, trying to picture the decrepit old piece of furniture as it ought to look in its proper condition, wondering how it had ever come to such an incongruous use as a receptacle for chicken feed, wondering what Grandfather had found behind that secret door.

Suddenly she remembered that this last question she ought soon to be able to answer herself and began on a systematic hunt for the third keyhole. But in the midst of this she was interrupted by a shout from the river and beheld the twins (back from the ocean sooner than expected, probably because of the thunderstorm). They were calling her frantically and announcing that her aunt said that lunch was ready and that she was to come home at once.

This ended the search for that day, for it rained all the afternoon and prevented any further thought of exploration in the old Fairfax mansion. The next day being Sunday, Barbara dutifully attended church and Sunday school in the morning and went for a ride with her aunt and Mrs. Carroll and the twins in the afternoon. Here she had a chance to patch up her quarrel with the twins who very humbly begged her not to be "mad" any more and promised not to disturb her if she was "busy in that old house," as they put it. She fancied, however, that even in this beguiling

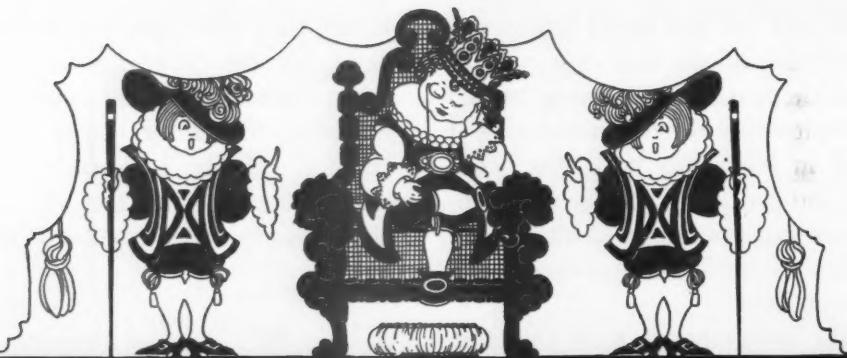
mood, they were probably planning more mischief, but she decided not to think about it.

On Monday morning, after she had helped her aunt collect the things for the laundry, she was off like a skyrocket to her happy hunting ground in the old mansion, and again renewed the search for the third key-

hole. Not five feet from the second, so Grandpa Fairfax had written, but he had certainly managed to conceal it well. For it so happened that five feet in any direction from that desk the space was perfectly clear of any article of furniture whatever. Unless the keyhole were in the floor, walls or ceiling, there was absolutely nothing in which it could possibly be. The ceiling was out of the question and the walls were plaster and bare of the slightest suggestion of a keyhole. There was nothing—nothing.

Once more Barbara sat down and looked over his note. And for the first time she noticed a faint, wavy line under the word "any," where he had said "*in any direction*" from the desk. Well, she had looked in "any" direction which meant evidently *every* direction—up, front, sides. Suddenly it dawned on her that she hadn't looked either *down* or *back*. Down would have to be in the cellar—it could scarcely be *there*. And back would be out in the hall, for the desk stood against the wall that divided the room from the hall. That must be it then. Somewhere, right back of the desk, out in the hall.





PLAYS AND PAGEANTS

THE KNIGHT OF THE FUNNY BONE

By FRANCES CAVANAH

JOHNNY, King of Hearts, a very fat and puffy little monarch in knee breeches, buckled slippers, velvet mantle and a doublet or vest that is heart-shaped in the front. His crown is a plain ring of gold except for the red heart that rests above his forehead.

MAMIE, Queen of Hearts, also a little fat and puffy. She wears long, trailing robes and, around her neck, dozens of tiny hearts strung on a cord like beads. A larger heart forms the pendant. Her crown is just like the King's.

DAN CUPID, a very important person in the Land of Hearts. He wears pale pink tights, with a band of blue swung over his shoulder. This serves to hold his quiver of arrows.

SPUD, whose real name is Marmaduke, is dressed in overalls. He has tousled red hair and freckles and a happy grin.

DOWNEY-MOUTHER, the Heart Breaker, has long whiskers, a woebegone expression and blue spectacles. He wears a long robe, dull gray in color.

THE VALENTINE-MAKERS, as many as you wish, both boys and girls. They wear artists' smocks and caps of many shades.

SCENE: The throne room in the Land of Hearts. The thrones of the King and Queen are at back center. To the left of the thrones is a small platform and a tiny table; to the right is another small table with a

dictionary, writing materials and two chairs. When the curtain goes up, the stage is empty, but outside cries may be heard: "Extra!" "Valentine-Makers Strike!" "Refuse to Make Valentines for Children to Tear Up!" Now the King hurries in, his crown awry, reading a newspaper. He is followed by the Queen, tripping now and then on her long skirts.

QUEEN (*severely*): Johnny, your crown's on crooked.

KING (*in a very bad humor as he straightens it*): What of it?

QUEEN (*proudly as she trips across the stage*): It is not becoming that Johnny, King of Hearts, should wear the royal crown awry. [Alas, for her dignity, at the last words she falls over her long train and sprawls on the floor.]

KING (*holding his fat sides as he laughs in a most unkingly fashion*): It is not becoming that Mamie, Queen of Hearts, should trip on the royal train and sprawl on the royal floor.

QUEEN (*drying her eyes on the very train that made her stumble*): It is not becoming that the King



of Hearts should laugh till he must hold the royal sides just because the queen sprawls upon the floor.

KING (*helping her to arise*): There, there, the king apologizes in his most royal way for laughing most unroyally. [He leads her to the throne.]

QUEEN: It isn't my fault that I tripped. [Weeping again.] It's sad enough that the Valentine-workers should strike and refuse to make the children's valentines, but that all the pages should refuse to uphold the royal train—oh, I tell you, Johnny, it isn't easy to be a queen these days, with crowns so expensive and with all the pages joining unions.

KING (*drying her eyes on his mantle*): I know, I know, my dear, but I have this strike as good as settled and the children will receive their valentines as usual. That is, I think they will.

QUEEN: Oh, have the strikers agreed to listen to the kingly reason?

KING: No, but there's to be a meeting here in half an hour and Downey-Mouther, the Heart Breaker, will speak to them.

QUEEN: But it was Downey-Mouther who made them strike in the first place. When I think of all the little hearts he'll break—

KING: Listen! There's to be another speaker. I sent Dan Cupid to fetch a little child.

QUEEN: The Valentine-makers won't like that. It's because the children tear up the valentines that they're striking.

KING (*importantly*): I sent Cupid for a boy named Marmaduke.

QUEEN (*enraptured*): Marmaduke! Oh, Johnny, if you had only had a name like that.

KING: Can't you just see him? Eyes



with violets mirrored in their depths and hair as bright and shining as the soapsuds in the Monday wash. When the Valentine-makers see how wistful a little child can be, their hearts will melt like butter in the frying pan and they will make the valentines in spite of everything that Downey-

Mouther says. These mortal speakers can make such wonderful gestures, too, and when they stop to take a drink of water in the middle of a speech—why, Mamie, it is simply thrilling.

QUEEN: Oh, Johnny, how did you ever think of such a lovely plan?

KING (*modestly*): I just used the royal brains, my dear.

[The door is thrown open and DAN CUPID stands before them.]

CUPID: Your heartiness, Marmaduke is outside.

QUEEN (*powdering her nose very quickly*): Oh, oh!

KING (*grandly*): Let there be music!

[There is music, but CUPID is downcast.]

CUPID: Your heartiness, I must explain. Marmaduke has no violets mirrored in his eyes. There is only grass.

KING (*horrified*): His eyes are green?

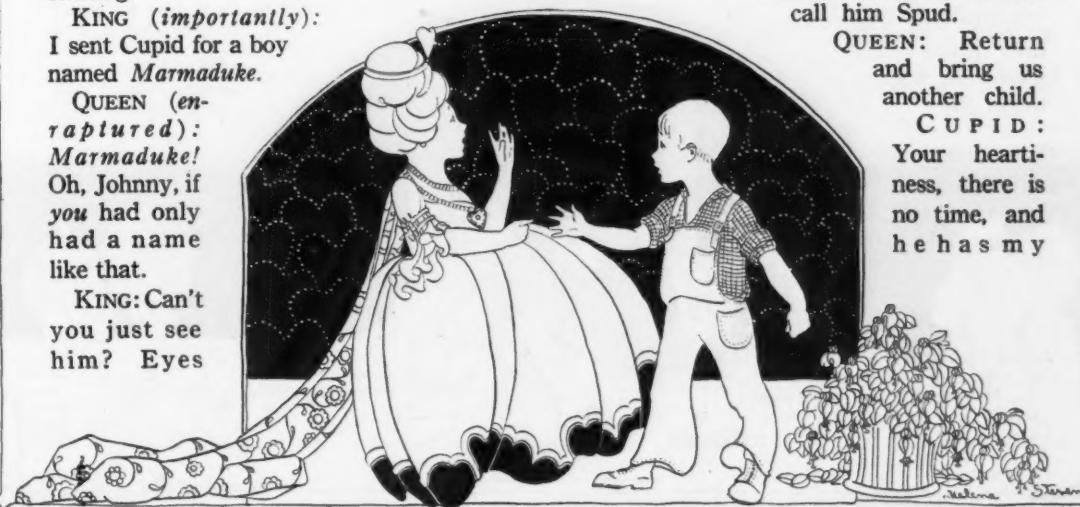
CUPID: Even so. His hair is shining but not like the soapsuds in the Monday wash. His hair is red. He is not wistful—and—and he uses slang.

QUEEN (*heartbroken*): Oh, why didn't you select a child with a sensible name like Johnny? (Stamping her foot): Oh, why didn't you?

CUPID: His parents call him Marmaduke; the fellows call him Spud.

QUEEN: Return and bring us another child.

CUPID: Your heartiness, there is no time, and he has my



promise that if he would come, he should be knighted.

KING (*looking at his heart-shaped watch*): The meeting begins in just five minutes. Bring in Master Marmaduke. [To his wife.] We must make the most of it, my dear.

[*The KING and QUEEN crane their necks for a better view as CUPID opens the door. MARMADUKE—or, perhaps, we'd better call him SPUD, as the fellows do—looks around in admiration.*]

SPUD: Gee, this is a swell room. [To the KING and QUEEN.] Howdy! [The QUEEN extends her hand for him to kiss. He shakes it.] I'm awfully glad to know you folks.

KING (*with dignity*): Dan Cupid told you why you have been summoned.

SPUD: Sure. He said you would make me a knight if I'd come. I'm really awfully brave.

QUEEN: That is not the point, Marmaduke—

SPUD: Aw, say, Mrs. Queen, have a heart.

KING: You forget that she is *Queen of Hearts*.

SPUD: Then don't call me Marmaduke. I get enough of that at home. Be a sport and call me Spud.

QUEEN: Well, then, Spud, can you be wistful? Can you wring tears from the hearts of the Valentine-makers?

SPUD: Naw, but I can make 'em laugh.

KING (*severely*): Don't you understand, unheeding boy? The children have been so careless of their valentines that the Valentine-makers refuse to make them any more.

SPUD: Say, that would be tough on the little kids.

KING: In two more minutes they will be here for a meeting, and Downey-Mouther, the Heart Breaker, will speak. It was Downey-Mouther who persuaded them to strike.

SPUD: Leave him to me, King. I'll show him where to get off.

QUEEN: We thought that perhaps the Valentine-makers would not *want* to strike if they could see how sweet some children really are.

SPUD: Say, that's too bad. You thought because my name was Marmaduke that I was a sissy and could make 'em cry. I'm not strong on this sob stuff, Mrs. Queen, but I'll do the best I can.

QUEEN: Just tell them in rime how much the valentines mean to the children and take a drink of water in the middle of your speech.

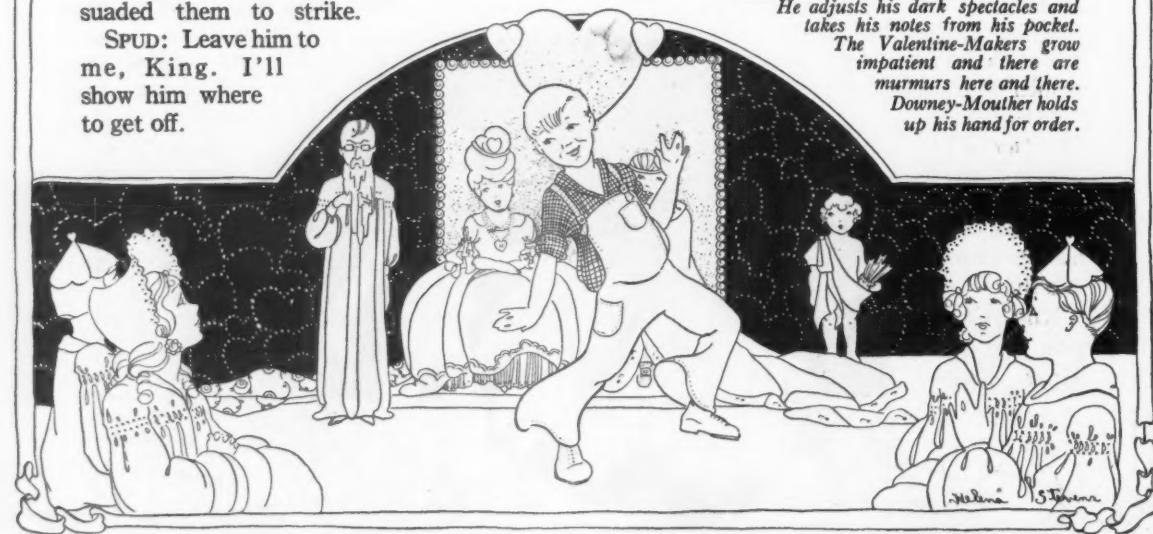
SPUD (*scared*): Listen, I'm not a poet, and I don't see how the water will help me think of rimes.

KING: Cupid has a riming dictionary that he uses in writing verses for the valentines. He will be very glad to help you while Downey-Mouther is making his speech—

[*The doors are thrown open and the VALENTINE-MAKERS dance in, two by two, and seat themselves on the floor. There is a hum of conversation, but above the noise the QUEEN may be heard saying, "Oh, Johnny, he'll never do." CUPID draws SPUD to the table close to the throne, where they busy themselves with pencil, paper and dictionary.*]

KING (*rising and clapping his hands for silence*): My dear subjects, I have called you together* to ask that you reconsider your decision to make no more valentines for the children. However, Downey-Mouther, the Heart-Breaker has asked to speak to you first.

[*There is much applause as DOWNEY-MOUTHER takes his place on the platform at the left. He adjusts his dark spectacles and takes his notes from his pocket. The Valentine-Makers grow impatient and there are murmurs here and there. Downey-Mouther holds up his hand for order.*





DOWNEY-MOUTHER
(very sadly):

Why spend our lives
in making hearts
And valentines, my
friends,
For mortal kids who
tear them up?
Let's see that this
thing ends!

The mortals are a worthless lot,
The children fret and squall,
Why we should waste our time on them,
I do not see at all.

If you will only heed my words,
And let me have my way,
We'll stop our work for mortal folk
And spend our time in play.

[There is more applause as he sits down, and the KING once more calls for order.]

KING: Master Spud from the mortal world will now say his speech.

QUEEN: Don't forget, Spud, to take a drink of water.

[Now SPUD takes his place on the platform while the VALENTINE-MAKERS look at him curiously, nudging one another and talking about him in whispers. CUPID places a glass of water on the table.]

SPUD (cantillating to the music of "Solomon Levi"):

I never made a speech before,
I'm 'fraid I don't know how,
But I can dance a jig or two,
And you will see me now.
That's what the children always do,
When valentines they see.
To take these lacy gifts
away
Is cruel, you
will agree.

[The VALENTINE-MAKERS sing the chorus and the next stanza, substituting the words "ha-ha" throughout, while SPUD turns handsprings and dances the liveliest jig they have ever seen. They hold their sides and rock back and forth with laughter, even the KING and QUEEN joining in. In the middle of the dance, SPUD holds up his hand and says, "Music, stop!" The singing stops, too, as SPUD, with great dignity, walks to the table and takes a sip of water. Again he raises his hand. This time he says, "The music may go on." It starts up and the chorus of laughter begins again, this time heartier than ever. By the end of the second refrain, SPUD has taken his place on the platform.]

SPUD (cantillating to the same music as before):

What does it matter after all
If the valentines are torn?
The children love them so, they're bound
To look a little worn.
And if you send us no more hearts,
'Twill be your fault alone,
If all our faces are as long,
As Downey-Mouthier's own.

[SPUD pulls his face down in a ridiculous imitation of DOWNEY-MOUTHER that sends the VALENTINE-MAKERS into peals of laughter. With a handspring he is off of the platform again and is dancing another jig. At a sign from the KING, CUPID has begun passing tiny hearts among the VALENTINE-MAKERS. Taking two pairs of gaily-decorated scales from beneath the throne, he hands one to the QUEEN, the other to the KING. The KING stands, claps for order, the music stops and SPUD sits down, exhausted, at the little table at the foot of the throne.]

KING: You will now form in line for the voting dance. Those who still wish to make no more valentines may drop their hearts into the scales that Queen Mamie holds. Those of you who want to have the valentines again, may drop your votes into my scales. (Pompously): The music may begin.

[The VALENTINE-MAKERS rush to their places, and there begins a lovely, winding dance. They pass before the throne and drop tiny hearts into one of the two scales.]

(Continued on page 114)



CAN WE MAKE HERO-WORSHIP COUNT?

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

NOW our job begins," said Mrs. Shibly, as she, together with two other mothers, strolled out of the big school building after having attended the Lincoln's birthday exercises in the new auditorium.

"And it's none too easy a job, either," remarked Mrs. Paxton. "I sometimes wish I could exchange tasks with the teacher! I don't mean to imply that getting up such a fine program as we have heard this afternoon is idle play—the mere labor of drilling the children is a lot of work! But it is also work, puzzling work, to make that program mean something in the lives of our children—and that's our job as parents."

"I know exactly what you mean," agreed Mrs. Norris, as they started down the street. "When Tom comes home tonight, he will want to chop wood for me just as Lincoln did for his mother. I truly do appreciate his good intentions, but for the life of me, I don't know what to *do* with them in our five-room steam-heated apartment!"

"I have an idea," exclaimed Mrs. Shibly, "we're right here at my house; suppose you two come in and have a cup of tea and we'll talk it over. Three heads, working together, ought to be better than one, and this seems to me a problem worth figuring out."

A few minutes later the three mothers thoughtfully stirred cups of fragrant tea in Mrs. Shibly's charming living room and again turned their talk to the Lincoln celebration.

"Of course, you and I well know," began Mrs. Paxton, "that it isn't the literal copying of the deeds of Lincoln's boyhood that will develop in our children the high standard of citizenship he represents, but our girls and boys think they must actually cut the wood, plow the fields and carry water if they hope to be like Lincoln when they grow up."

"And our job is to guide their enthusiasm to other duties without lessening their zeal to be like him," added Mrs. Shibly.

"Exactly," agreed Mrs. Norris. "But let's see what are the special qualities in Lincoln that our children most admire and understand." She set aside her cup of tea and took out notebook and pencil. "Diligence," she wrote, "truthfulness—those were talked of repeatedly today—sincerity, love of country—"

"Oh, before I forget it," interrupted Mrs. Paxton, with a gesture of apology, "didn't you love that story about Lincoln and the soldier? I had never heard that one before,—how the boy Lincoln gave his only fish of a day's catch to the soldier he happened to pass on the road—just because he had heard one should care for the soldiers!"

"Yes, I did like that story," agreed Mrs. Shibly, "and I have an idea that there is our best place to begin. Remember how the children applauded that tale? But how much do our children do—how much do *we* do—for the ex-soldiers of the great war? I seem to have heard of a movement to put radios into hospitals for the soldiers. Why couldn't the children work for that?"

"They'd love to," said Mrs. Norris, enthusiastically. "We'll start that plan tonight. And think how the soldiers will love it, too! Giving well deserved joy to them is good citizenship all around."

"And as for the boy who wants to plow," said Mrs. Paxton, "why not give him the care of the school parkway? The trash and papers today's wind blew around the hedge were a disgrace to our neighborhood."

"Ellen so dislikes to help me set the table," laughed Mrs. Shibly. "Now if I only have the wit and cleverness, I can make her see that helping me with the 'chores' of to-day is exactly the same as Lincoln helping his mother."

"Do you know," she continued, meditatively, "I'm afraid sometimes we make things *too easy* for our children! Oh, I don't mean that we should be hard or unsympathetic; you know I don't! But this afternoon, when I saw how the children loved the feeling of hardship and adventure and accomplishment of Lincoln's boyhood, I wondered if *his* mother kept after him to do his home work during his one year of school life, and to pick up his things and get to school on time, as I do after Jimmie. I don't believe she had time for it, in the first place."

"And in the second place," added Mrs. Norris, "maybe she was wise enough to let him stand on his own feet; we are not. Maybe she let him learn by the hard knocks, that surely will follow carelessness and indifference, that a boy has to develop real backbone if he is to get on."

"Yes, I think we are soft with our children—to their great loss. Early learning the operation of the law of cause and effect would make a better lot of citizens than we are now producing."

"Let's turn over a new leaf," said Mrs. Paxton, eagerly. "Oh, I don't mean any wholesale reform that won't last, but a steady, thoughtful studying of each day's problem in the light of the children's worthy ambition to be like their hero."

"Let's make our children more *responsible*—nothing would do more to foster the Lincoln type of citizenship, with all it stands for of truth, and honor, and duty."

"And let's begin now," said Mrs. Shibly, "while the children are in this warm glow of hero-worship. They will understand every bit as well as we do; maybe they will be even quicker to catch the spiritual significance of what we mean. They *like* to be made responsible, if only we go about it in the right way."

"Remember that week after next is Washington's birthday, too," added Mrs. Paxton. "That will serve as a helpful reminder, for they will be studying and discussing his qualities, too. The children love their heroes."

"This chat has given me a new slant on hero-worship," said Mrs. Norris, as she pulled on her gloves, ready to depart. "Tom's ardent hero-worship has always rather bored me. I felt it was a phase he would soon outgrow. I see now that it is for me to keep it; to interpret it in terms of his own everyday life, so that it will inspire him to be the good and noble man he dreams of becoming."



Here is extra help for mothers!

Mothers of little ones! Who have their hands full, not only keeping kiddies happy, but trying to keep their clothes clean!

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OUTDOOR SPORTS



LINE INTERFERENCE

By Dr. EMMETT DUNN ANGELL

Author of *Play*, *A Book of Games*, *Cage Ball Book*, *Real Games for Real Kids*, etc.

I RECKON the youngsters are completely satisfied now," laughed Captain Miller as he steadied himself to meet the roll of the ship. "They have been hoping all along that we would run into a storm—and we sure gave them a dandy."

"They're satisfied all right," shouted Toppo, who had to compete with the howling wind. "Jack and Bert and Dip Streeter have been very much disappointed because the old ocean would not cut up for them. But they have been very meek kids for the past twenty-four hours."

When the *Silver Bell* left New York, carrying Jack Randolph and Bert Lane and their sisters, Carol and Elizabeth, with Mary Emily, Dip Streeter, Fatty Wheeler, Billy Foster, Phyllis Rockly and Andy Miller in the party, an expedition was under way that promised to be a wonderful adventure. Invited as guests by old Mr. Rockly, the grandfather of Phyllis, after the school in their little village had burned, they were on the *Silver Bell*, captained by Andy Miller's father. Mr. Rockly, as president of the steamship company, had included in his invitation Miss Fraser, the popular young teacher in the school, and Toppo, the famous ex-clown who, since his retirement from the sawdust ring, had settled in the village as a maker of toys. He made lovely toys but his chief joy in life seemed to be found in teaching his young friends novel games gathered from all corners of the globe.

This was the party that had found each day a joy, as the comfortable freighter slowly plowed its way toward southern waters. School each morning,

conducted by Miss Fraser, and a rich afternoon of games on deck had been the program, and an unruffled sea and brilliant sunshine had greeted them each morning. The average tourist would have thought the voyage a perfect one. But not our young adventurers! They wanted a storm and they wanted a good one.

"Gee whiz," protested Jack, "most all stories about going to sea have storms, and this is just like Pine Lake—only bigger."

"And I guess this is all we'll get," added Bert, "for the bo'sun told me they hardly ever had bad weather this time of year."

"Bad weather—humpf," grunted Dip Streeter. "I'd call it good if we had a reg'lar old storm. I'd like to see a reg'lar old lallapuluza."

"That's a pretty big word for a little fellow," laughed Captain Miller who had been listening to the boys, "and perhaps you are going to get your lala—what did you call it? The barometer has taken a drop and if you look off there to the northeast you may see something."

The boys' eyes followed the pointing finger and saw that the blue of the sky was taking on a dusky hue and that something like a mist seemed to be moving toward them from the horizon. In less than twenty minutes there was a whistling moan to the wind and the rigging of the ship began to rattle. The life boat tackles started a creaking of their own, and the deck, which had been as steady as a pavement, began to tilt and dip. Sailors scurried to all parts of the ship, lashing boats and gear more firmly

and gathering up loose odds and ends that were merrily sliding from side to side as the ship rolled. Swift ripples pursued the ship and passed on as the gusts of wind swept the surface of the sea. The ocean swells crowded and jostled and soon their crests were tipped with white. The youngsters were thrilled as they watched the sea whip into a fury, and when the first big wave swept over the bow they punched one another and shouted, "Did you see that one? Oh—Oh—there's another."

It was the beginning of a terrific tropical storm and for forty-eight hours the children had an experience that they never would forget. They were ordered below, and supper that night was a scramble. Dishes slid from side to side, and only the storm racks on the table and the nimble fingers of the diners saved the toppling tableware from falling on the floor. This part of the experience was fun, but when night and the raging storm engulfed the ship and the youngsters lay in their bunks, listening to the crash of giant waves, the ugly grind of shifting cargo and the shrieking of the wind, they were not so sure that a storm at sea was a delightful experience.

Next morning Andy Miller and Mary Emily were the only ones with a normal appetite.

"I'm not really seasick," gulped Dip Streeter, "but I'm not very hungry." The others didn't even pretend.

When it seemed that the old ocean had performed all of its most terrifying tricks, the storm ended as abruptly as it had come. The wind died away and the youngsters crawled weakly out of their bunks to find an unclouded sky and a smooth sea.

"Yes, it's the same old ocean," said Toppo to the group, as they chattered busily about the past two days, "but on its good behavior now."

"Gee, but I'm hungry," burst out Bert.

"Me, too," chorused the others.

"That's funny," chuckled Captain Miller, winking

at Toppo. "We have had real good meals the past couple of days and I have wondered why you kids hadn't been around."

"Just watch us make up for lost time, Captain," Bert shouted as he led the rush toward the dining room. There had been no school for two days and, as the severe storm had given all of them a pretty severe shaking up, it was decided to postpone lessons until the following day. As Captain Miller said,

"it would take a few hours for them to get steady on their pins." By afternoon, however, they were their same eager selves again and ready for play.

"I've got a new game for you," said Toppo as they gathered on the broad deck that had been their playground during the voyage. "It's called *Line Interference* and is a game that you will want to remember, for you can play it in a gymnasium or on a playground or even in so small a space as the deck of a ship. It is a game for eleven players and as there are only ten of you I will have to play. We must have two groups of four players with arms locked and one player, the *runner*, who stands back of them, and two players, who are the *chasers*, who are in front

of the *fours*. The object of the game is for the chasers to try and catch the runner, and it is the duty of the fours to try and block off the chasers."

With that much as a preliminary direction, Toppo had Jack, Billy, Phyllis and Andy lock arms to form one four. Dip, Carol, Elizabeth and Fatty Wheeler locked arms to form the second four. Then Mary Emily and Bert were told to stand in front of the two fours and Toppo stood behind them.

"Now we are ready to go," said Toppo. "Mary Emily and Bert are the chasers. I am the runner and they will try and catch me. Jack's four will *interfere* by blocking off Mary Emily and Dip's four will block off Bert. Let's go."

Mary Emily and Bert tried to rush around and



catch Toppo, but the fours were alert and blocked them off as he skipped and dodged behind the living barriers. With two active youngsters in mad pursuit the unwieldy fours had a real task and Toppo required all of his skill. Jack's four whirled so rapidly in an attempt to block Mary Emily that their legs became entangled and tumbled them to the deck. Before they recovered Toppo, in a wild attempt to avoid Bert, was caught by the fleet-footed Mary Emily who shouted delightedly, "I've got you, I've got you!"

"You sure have and if I can get my breath I will tell you what we do next," answered Toppo. "When one of the chasers catches the runner, then a change must be made. Mary Emily caught me, so we must both join the fours. Mary Emily will lock arms with the one on the *left* of one four and I will lock arms with the one on the *left* of the other four. The one who is at the *right* end of the four that Mary Emily joins will take her place and become a *chaser*, the one at the *right* end of the four that I join will become a *runner* and take my place. Then the game will continue. Bert is still a *chaser* as he did not catch me and he remains a *chaser* until he catches some one."

It didn't take Toppo's pupils long to catch on to the tricks of the game. They found that the block-

ing fours could develop team work in their interference for the runner, and the runners found that the skill of the game depended on keeping a four between pursuer and pursued.

"Say, this is good training for football!" puffed Jack as they stopped for a breathing spell.

"You have made a good guess," agreed Toppo, "for that was the idea of the fellow who invented *Line Interference*. He thought that the fours would

develop some of the qualities needed by line men in blocking, and that the runners and chasers would get some of the practice needed by backfield men."

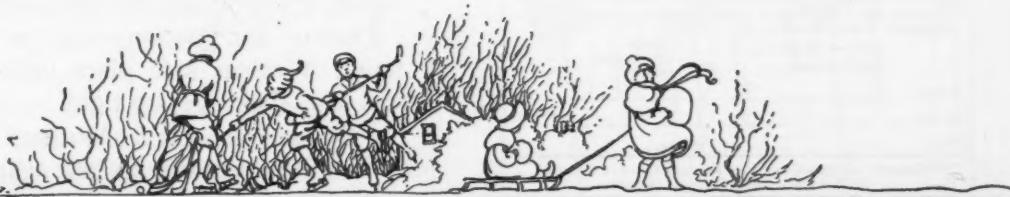
"I have a very important announcement to make to my distinguished passengers," said Captain Miller, who had been watching the last few minutes of the game. "It seems that we didn't get through the storm undam-

aged and, as some engine trouble has developed, we will have to drop anchor in the shelter of an island that is about three hours run from here and do some overhauling."

"Oh boy, that's great," shouted Billy.

"I don't know that the owners will agree with you," said the Captain dryly, "but there's no danger, so I suppose that you and Dip will think it's another lala— what was that thing?"

"Lalapuluza," informed Dip, "but if it's like that storm, I don't think I want any more."





"It's the nicest drink I ever tasted—

How do you make it, Mrs. Brown?"

IT WAS Mrs. Jones who asked the question. She had dropped in to see Mr. and Mrs. Brown and, of course, they had invited her to have lunch with them.

"It's very simple," answered Mrs. Brown. "It's Postum. Our mother buys it at the grocery store. First I heat some milk till it's almost ready to boil. Then I put a teaspoonful of Postum in the cup and pour the hot milk over it." Here Mrs. Brown was interrupted by Mr. Brown. "You'll excuse me a moment, won't you?"—she said, as she made more Postum for Mr. Brown. Then she resumed her talk with Mrs. Jones. "Mr. Brown doesn't like milk, so I make it with Postum, so's he can't taste the milk. Then he likes it."

"So that's how you do it," said Mrs. Jones, as she sipped from her cup. "Um—m, it certainly is good. May I have some more, please, Mrs. Brown? I'll have to try this for my husband," said Mrs. Jones, while her cup was being filled again. "We don't drink coffee because we know it's bad for us, and I know he'll just love this. Thank you so much, Mrs. Brown. You and Mr. Brown must come over to see us soon, and we'll have some Postum, too. I'll ask my mother to get some."

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THE CHICKS THAT STAYED UP LATE

(Continued from page 83)

"Mrs. Pigeon," they asked, "may your little pigeons come out and play with us?"

"Coo, coo," said Mrs. Pigeon drowsily. "My little pigeons are all asleep, as all proper pigeons should be at this time."

Next they went to Jenny Wren. "Mrs. Wren," they asked, "may your little wrens come out and play with us?"

Mrs. Wren was so astonished that she nearly fell out of her nest.

"My little wrens are all asleep," she said, "as all proper wrens should be at this time. Why are you not asleep? Mr. Owl will get you if you are not careful. You had better run home as fast as you can."

"Oh, oh!" said Browny. "I am afraid of Mr. Owl! Let us go to Mrs. Farmer and ask her if Jean and Peter can play with us. They are so big they can take care of us."

So they went to the farmhouse and called "Cheep! cheep!" so loudly that Mrs. Farmer came to the door.

"Naughty chicks!" she cried. "Why aren't you asleep? Jean and Peter are asleep, as all proper children should be at this time."

The little chicks ran away as fast as they could go. They were feeling cross, as little chicks and little children always do when they stay up too late.

"This is your fault," said Browny. "I should never have thought of staying up late if you hadn't asked me to."

"It was you who thought of hiding behind the big leaf," answered Downy. "Oh, oh, what was that noise?"

"That was Mr. Dog," Browny replied. "I wish we were home with our mother!"

"I think it was Mrs. Pussy Cat," said Downy. "Oh, what shall we do?"

They crept very close to each other and listened carefully. What do you suppose they heard? They heard their dear mother saying, "Cluck, cluck!" in a very low voice.

Downy and Browny ran to her. They found a warm, safe place under her wings and shut their eyes up tight.

"We are so sorry, Mother," they said. "We will never stay up late again!"

And they never did.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SEVEN KEYHOLES

(Continued from page 91)

She ran out, stopping only to glance and see at the doorway just what part of the hall was back of the desk. A great wooden, claw-footed old chair stood there, its straight back formed of slender, curving pieces of wood, its wide seat covered with the dust of months. She remembered hearing Grandpa Fairfax allude to it as "the fiddle-backed chair." She also remembered that it used to stand before the desk. He must have moved it out here himself. Hurrying to it, she looked it all over, certain that somewhere in it was hidden the secret.

And sure enough, right in the front, in a narrow strip below the seat, she was rewarded by discovering the now familiar diamond-shaped brass keyhole and a tiny bit of paper on which appeared the figure "3."

(Part IV of "The Adventure of the Seven Keyholes" will appear in the March issue of CHILD LIFE)



ICING CAKE

MATTIE LEE HAUSGEN



GRANDMA'S cakes were Harry's delight;
His empty plate gave ample proof.
He said, "The cake is fine all right,
But I like best its sticky roof!"



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Milk alone cannot do this. A baby needs wheat cereal in combination with the milk. Nestlé's Milk Food has that combination in ideal proportions. It is the complete food for Babyhood. Do not wait for the danger signal of indigestion or a loss of weight. Put baby on Nestlé's according to the Babyhood Feeding Chart.

No matter how delicate your baby is—it will gain on Nestlé's Milk Food because it contains all the food he needs in a form he can best digest. And this gain will give him resistance to winter colds and disease.

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for the
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DIZZY LIZZIE IN CRACKO-CRAZENIA

(Continued from page 81)

there came those people whom the world called crazy. And as the world sooner or later calls everyone crazy who tries to start anything new, this made Cracko-Crazenia a truly blessed and a highly entertaining country. Never in history was there such a thoroughly fascinating city as Nuthatch at the crest of the crazy season. The outdoor tables of the restaurants and cafes were thronged with poets, with inventors, with geniuses, with clowns, with philosophers, with professors, with the leaders of new religions, with musicians and jugglers.

At the time of the opening of my story, Lizzie's parents had gone away visiting and left their home in charge of Aunt Emily. Lizzie had managed to give her aunt the slip and was now on her way to Crazenia with her brother, Aloysius the Awkward, and a friend called Anxious Aggie. The three of them, after traveling all day, were now about two miles from the frontiers of Cracko-Crazenia.

For both Aloysius and Aggie this was their first visit; and as they were very curious about the country they were coming to, they kept asking Lizzie questions which she did her best to answer.

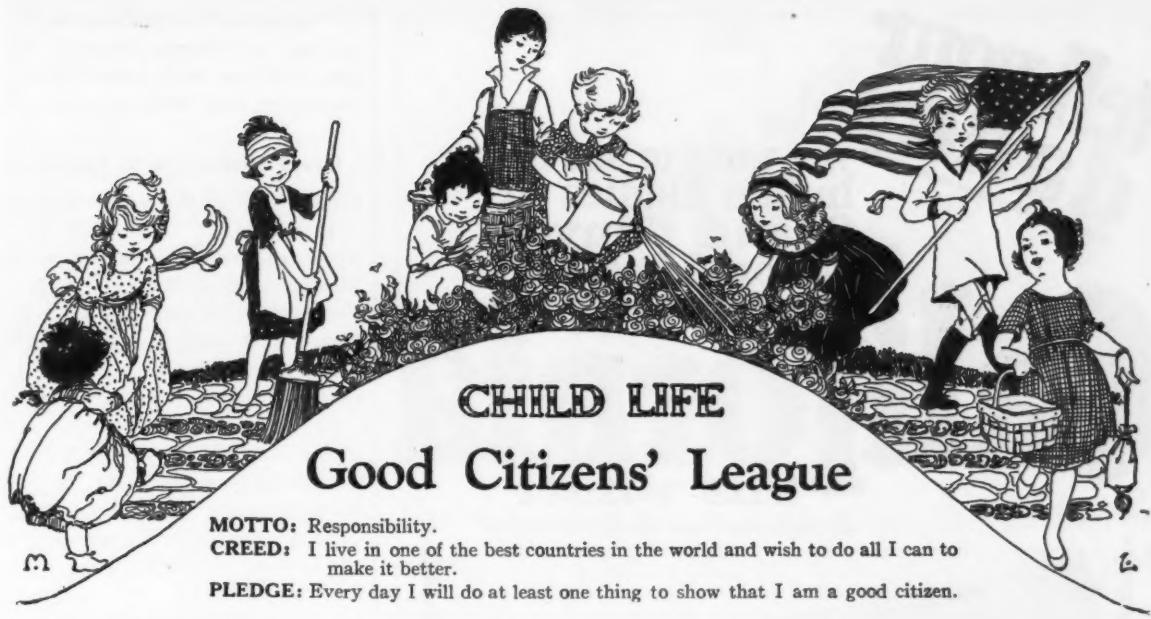
"But where," asked Anxious Aggie, "are we going to stay when we get there? We haven't any money."

"That's quite simple," said Lizzie. "I'll put you up at one of my houses."

"Oh, have you several houses?" asked Aloysius the Awkward, tripping over a stone in his excitement.

"Why certainly," said Lizzie. "On my first visit here I had three houses and since then I have had several new ones each season. Often when I am traveling around Crazenia I come across one of my old houses which I had forgotten all about—Pleasant Surprise."

(Part II, in which Dizzy Lizzie and her friends change their names, are admitted to the city of Nuthatch and go to the Idea Shoppe, will appear in the March issue of CHILD LIFE.)



CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.

CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

Our Heroes

The two big events for the Brocton Good Citizens' League during February were St. Valentine's Day and Hero Day. One-half of the members—the team that had been defeated in the January Thrift contest—had given a big Valentine party for the others, and there had been games, a play and a mysterious box just bursting with lacy valentines and little heart-shaped boxes filled with candy.

It was toward the end of the party that the talk turned to Washington and Lincoln, and the wonderful way in which both great heroes had helped their country. "When I'm a man I'll help my country, too," said David. "But I wish I could do something for it while I'm still a boy."

"Washington and Lincoln did," replied Miss Bradley, the counselor.

"Not till they grew up," said David. "Oh, of course, I know that they were mighty fine boys and all that—but they didn't really do anything for their country, did they, while they were still small?"

"They must have learned to be good citizens while they were young," said Miriam, "or they never could have been such good citizens after they were grown men."

"Yes, just like we're trying to learn to be good citizens," put in Elizabeth, "so that when we're old enough to vote we'll know how to

govern ourselves wisely and well."

"You're right," agreed Miss Bradley, "that's the first thing you must do if you're to help your country."

"Well," Bill spoke up, "if Wash-

ington and Lincoln

to celebrate Hero Day midway between February 12th and the 22nd. They decided that the qualities they most admired in their two heroes

were courage, truthfulness, perseverance, helpfulness, kindness and honesty; and at the program they gave for some of the other children in their school, the members told anecdotes of Washington and Lincoln—mostly stories dealing with their boyhood—that illustrated these qualities. Thus it was that the audience heard again the well-known stories of how Washington had sacrificed the commission that his brother had obtained for him in the navy, so that he might spare his mother the pain of parting, and of how Lincoln had worked all day chopping wood to pay for the book that had been damaged while in his possession. The children soon realized that the qualities that had distinguished Lincoln and Washington, as men, had distinguished them as children and, in the end, had been responsible for their great service to their country. The rest of the program consisted of patriotic recitations and songs, and a patriotic march. Small flags were given as favors, much to the delight

Message from

WILSON L. GILL

Inventor of the School Republic and President of the American Patriotic League.

A visitor to a School Republic asked special privilege to address the court, and explained that the relation of the teacher to the Republic was similar, in some respects, to that of the legislature of Massachusetts to the city of Boston; that the legislature of Massachusetts gives the city of Boston in its charter the right to govern itself under certain conditions, and that, so long as the city of Boston does govern itself, preserving order and enforcing the law, the State of Massachusetts does not interfere; that in this same relation between the teachers and the school, the School Republic would not be interfered with so long as it fulfilled the conditions of its charter, but that in any great crisis when the city should fail to enforce the law and preserve the peace, the state being the larger and more responsible political body, could and would step in and take the reins of government out of the hands of the local authorities.

The various departments of service which have a place in our grown-up city government are easily adapted to and imitated by the children. The Board of Health is a useful part of the organization and is to be found in almost every School Republic. Boards of Social Service render most desirable and useful service in various ways, suggested by circumstances as they arise in the school or community. They always look after the comfort and happiness of new pupils, and aid them to get into the spirit of the school democracy. A Board of Public Works is usual. Some School Republics have Boards of Education, Departments of Agriculture and Athletic Commissions. Even such matters as keeping the school books covered and sending flowers to sick children are embodied in the organic functions of some School Republics. A large amount of testimony is at hand from teachers showing the value of the organization in enlisting the activities of the children along these lines.

(Reprinted from "A New Citizenship" by Wilson L. Gill)

ington and Lincoln learned to be of all the boys and girls in the good citizens while they were children, I guess we can, too."

That was how the members of the Brocton Good Citizens' League came

of all the boys and girls in the audience.

As for the members of the Good Citizens' League, they decided to serve their country by developing

*tell your
daddy*

you want to see the
Indian Kiddies at
Grand Canyon
National Park—on
your Santa Fe way to
California
this winter

—through Pullmans via Grand Canyon



*tell daddy
to mail
this*

Mr. W. J. Black, Pass. Tral Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines, 916 Railway Exchange, Chicago
Please mail to me the following Santa Fe Booklets: "California Picture Book," "Grand Canyon Outings," "California Limited." Also details as to cost of trip

in themselves the qualities of truthfulness, helpfulness, honesty, courage, kindness and perseverance in everything they tried to do each day.

Great Birthdays in February

- George Washington—February 22, 1732
- Abraham Lincoln—February 12, 1809
- Mendelssohn—February 3, 1809
- Charles Lamb—February 18, 1775
- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow—February 27, 1807
- Georg Friedrich Handel—February 23, 1685
- Victor Hugo—February 26, 1802
- Galilei Galileo—February 15, 1564
- Horace Greeley—February 3, 1811
- Charles Dickens—February 7, 1812
- Ole B. Bull—February 5, 1810

A Good Citizen—Our Heroes

1. I read about George Washington.
2. I read about Abraham Lincoln.
3. I learned to tell a Washington anecdote.
4. I learned to tell a Lincoln anecdote.
5. I memorized a Washington saying.
6. I memorized a Lincoln saying.
7. I read or listened to Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.
8. I read or listened to a part of Washington's farewell speech.
9. I read about one of the other heroes on the list.
10. I sent a valentine to a needy child.
11. I hung out a flag on February 12th.
12. I hung out a flag on February 22nd.
13. I took part in a patriotic program.
14. I marched in a parade.
15. I learned a patriotic poem.
16. I memorized "The Star Spangled Banner."
17. I learned the rules for caring for the flag.
18. I gave a little flag to a child who had none.
19. I made scrapbooks for a soldier's hospital.
20. I visited a soldiers' hospital.
21. I helped more in work at home.
22. I helped make our schoolroom attractive.
23. I completed a hard task.
24. I did a brave act.
25. I was truthful.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 250 points during twelve consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above, and the best original activities are published and awarded extra points. Write your name, age and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper, then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your February list of good deeds in time to reach us by March 5th, if you want to see your names on the Honor Roll.

Honor Roll for November

The following members received twenty-five or more Honor Points during November:

Dorothy M. Anderson
Henry Anderson
Paul Atkins
Ariene Badertscher
William Badertscher
Martha Baird
Ernestine Ballard
James Berg
Bertram Brightman
Ralph Brightman
Donna Benckendorf
August Bergman
Ricardo Betancourt
Bessie Bromberg
Lucile Brown
Russell Chearson
Ruth Jewl Christie
Bernard Cleaves
Eileen Coder
John Elbert Cogan
Helen Custer
Frances Courtright
Raymond Cripe
Glenn Cronkhite
Eula Evelyn Denney
Elmora E. Detrick
Phyllis E. Dewey
Anna Gertrude Douglas
Arthur Drebie
John Dull
Helen Dvorak
Ernest Eason
Patricia Evans
Harold M. Finley
Norma Fladt
Loretta Flemming
Arlo Fogie
Janet Ford
Earl Freeman
Elsie Gabhart
Lida Gabriel
Betty Galloway
Mary Elizabeth Gaumer
Janice Germain
Jay Germain
Shirley Germain
Alberta Giesler
Malice Gillispie
Abraham Gonzales
Elizabeth A. Gove
Loretta Grimes
Lorraine Guscott
Albert Herrera
Henry Heyerman
Günther Hodnefeld
Margaret Hoffman
Margaret Holmes
Robert Holmes
Winnifred F. Holmes
Marian Holtzman
Jane Hoopes
Todd Hoopes
Richard Horne
Helen Houston
Eva Irvine
Mary Jennings
Margaret Jones
Sara Jones
Sarah Kerr
Vera Karp
Francis Kremer
Edward Kruger

Genevieve Lewis
Dorothy Longbrake
Don Marion
A. Louise Mehring
Eva Miller
Robert Morgan
Ellene Mosier
Eleanor Morrow
Ellen Morris
Margaret Mundt
Julius Munos
George McFadden
Edwin McRaw
Lillian Norman
Kenneth Niles
Charles O'Leary
James O'Leary
John O'Leary
Margaret O'Leary
Dorothy Ophille
Walter Oste
John D. Palm
Helen Parker
Mary L. Raines
Geraldine Reem
Sylvia Roberts
Elise Royall
Evelyn Romilly
Mary L. Rossi
Edith Roya
Evelyn Rubendall
Theo. Ruebusch
Virginia Sampson
Luella Sander
Gertrude Schueler
Leslie Self
Walter Shay
Richard Sherrer
Earl Sherrard
James W. Simmons, Jr.
George Simpson
Victor Skelly
Billy H. Smith
Lydia Smith
Levi St. Amour
Berth Streeter
Beverly Streeter
Marie Strong
Hazel Tarbutton
Helen Tennyson
Lillian Thibault
John Arthur Tilton
Hazel Tombaugh
Ruth Tombaugh
Arthur L. Tucker
W. Howard Tucker
Burton M. L. Unger
Edna Vennerstrom
Eddie Viecas
Christine Wagner
Margueritte Webster
Gladys Westereng
Leila Westereng
Lucille White
Marvin Whittington
John Wilkins
Oshialoranne Wilson
Gladys Witmer
Cora Wynn
Cora Wynhoff
Helen Zuidervrook

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Further information regarding the organization of a School Republic, in connection with your Good Citizens' League, will be sent upon request.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, Child Life Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.



WASHINGTON

MARGARET MUNSTERBERG

GEORGE WASHINGTON was good,
I know,
And could not say a lie.
I never cared for goodness—no,
Not I!
But I want to be like him, and so
I'll try!



The Best Bedtime Story for the Children Is the Wonder Tale of Uncle Sam at Work

THE best bedtime story you can read to your children is the story of Uncle Sam at Work—what he is doing, and how he does it—as set forth in the remarkable book "The American Government," by Frederic J. Haskin, a new and enlarged edition of which is just off the press. It is a straightforward account of the activities of the Federal Government, written in simple direct language, easily understood by any boy or girl in the higher grammar grades. It is as interesting as a fairy tale and as accurate as arithmetic. Before publication every chapter was read and approved by a Government authority. It has been endorsed by thousands of public officials, educators, clergymen and others, and is generally conceded to be the most authoritative and understandable account of the working side of the Federal Government that has ever been written. Since this book was first issued it has run through 80 editions reaching nearly 700,000 copies. It has been translated into 11 languages. It is used as

a textbook in many schools, and because of its unquestionable accuracy it is relied upon by foreign governments as a source of information upon American governmental affairs.

It is your duty as a citizen and a parent to know what your Government does and how it does it, and to see that your children—those who are old enough to understand—are fully informed also. Your fathers were a part of this Government. You are a part of it. Your children are a part of it. But what do you really know about it? What can you tell them when they ask you for such information? Do you know the facts? Can you answer their questions? Read this book and get the facts! Read it in the family circle! Have the older children read it! It is a story of varied deeds more marvelous than the wonder tales of the ancients. It is a story whose astounding facts stand out so boldly in the record of the world's progress that the knowledge of them cannot but increase the love and honor we all have for our country.

This is a Book That Should be in Every American Home Order Your Copy Today! Know Your Government!

"The American Government," new and enlarged edition, has 484 pages, including a 32-page section of beautiful halftone illustrations. There are 42 chapters; over 150,000 words. It is 8 x 5½ inches in size and durably bound in forest green cloth stamped with gold. Before publication every chapter of this book was read and approved by a Government authority. It is in a class with books that often sell for \$3 or \$4. It is being distributed by CHILD LIFE primarily to promote better citizenship by giving a better and more intimate understanding of how the Government functions. Price ONE DOLLAR (\$1.00) postage prepaid to any address in the U. S. Money back if not satisfied.

FREE with each book, a new 3-color map of the U. S., 28 x 22 inches in size. This map gives population of leading cities, time zones, distances between principal cities, nicknames of states, state mottoes, state flowers, and photographs of 48 leading Federal officials. Also free booklet containing complete text of Constitution of U. S.

FREDERIC J. HASKIN, Publisher
c/o CHILD LIFE
536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Please find enclosed \$..... for which you will send, postage prepaid, copies of the new and enlarged edition of "The American Government."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

(Price per copy—One Dollar)



It is better for children to like their food

*Successful mothers find that flavor leads their children to eat willingly.
(Read how Beech-Nut has made flavor a specialty)*

NOT only is it easier to give children the foods they like, but doctors and dietitians agree that more benefit is derived from what is eaten cheerfully and digested in happiness than from what is coaxed or forced into unwilling mouths. Of course, you must be sure that the foods the children fancy are pure foods, healthful foods.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is one favorite that the children adore—and is, at the same time, wholesome and nourishing. Its delicate, delicious flavor appeals to the fussy young ones whose appetites need just such tempting. And it certainly appeals no whit less to the heartier specimens of the rising generation.

The secret of Beech-Nut flavor
THERE is a reason for the exceptional flavor of Beech-Nut foods. The story of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter tells the secret very clearly. Before this product was put on the market, the Beech-Nut people tried many and varied blends of peanuts from every quarter of the world until they struck the perfect combination—Virginia and Spanish—that had the right smoothness, richness and flavor.

In the making of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter, flavor is carefully guarded. Rigid care eliminates all broken and unwhole-

some kernels. The bitter little hearts of the peanuts are removed. The roasting is done under a studio light, so that it may be watched and stopped at the very moment finest flavor is achieved. And anyone who has visited the Beech-Nut plant—up New York State among the beauties of the Mohawk Valley—will vouch for the surprising purity and cleanliness that attend the manufacture of all Beech-Nut Products.

Very easy to digest

MOTHERS realize that peanuts ground to the smooth consistency of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter are very easy to digest. They spread it on bread for the growing youngsters. It is wonderful for them between meals, or after school, or at supper—with a glass of good rich milk. And a feast of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter sandwiches in the lunch-box provides a real thrill!

We will be glad to send the new Beech-Nut Book to all women who are interested. It contains information about foods and food values, seasonable menus, tested recipes. Also details of table setting and service. Coupon below will bring your copy. Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, N. Y.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

"Foods and Confections of Finest Flavor"

Bacon
Peanut Butter
Macaroni • Spaghetti
Vermicelli
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Prepared Spaghetti
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Jams and Jellies
Marmalades and
Preserves

CONFECTIONS
Mints • Caramels
Fruit Drops
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PACKING CO.
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Please send, without ex-
pense to me, Mrs. Ida Bailey
Allen's Beech-Nut Book of
menus, recipes and service in-
formation.

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THE SANDWICH

MYRTLE KOON CHERRYMAN

WHEN Grandma tells me bed-time tales,

I sit up close to her.

So's not to miss a word, and she
Sometimes can hardly stir.

And when she tells me 'bout Bre'r Fox,

I can't stay in my bed;

I have to crawl out so's to be
Right close up by her head.

And once she said, "Oh, please go back

And cuddle down, my dear!

I can't make Bre'r Rabbit talk
If you sit up so near!"

Then I said, "If Bre'r Rabbit came

An' squeezed between, we'd be
A sandwich, wouldn't we, Grand-
ma?"

And how she laughed at me!



THE LINCOLN CABIN

(Continued from page 78)

Mother smiled at Dick, because he had remembered not to twit Dolly on her mistake. "I think we all understand our pioneer ancestors better and admire them more because of the Lincoln cabin," she said.

"And it certainly is different, Mommie, from anything we had before!" put in Dick eagerly.

Mother smiled at him again. "You're right to want some things that are different in your life, Dickie. Things that are different wake us up and make us think new thoughts—bigger thoughts for a bigger world."

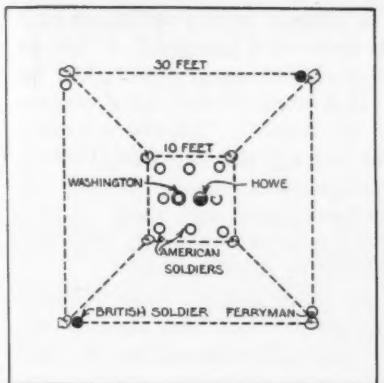
"Oh, I know a poem about that!" cried Dolly, and stood up and said it:

"The world is so full of a number
of things,

I'm sure we should all be as
happy as kings."

Dick gave a contented sigh.

"Well, I am for one," he said.
"I guess maybe I'm even happier
than most kings. But what's any
king beside our President Lin-
coln?"



AN HISTORICAL BEAN BAG GAME

By EDWIN M. LOVE

AN INTERESTING and exciting game is the one shown in the drawing. Washington and his army are on Long Island, that is, the inside square, and the two ferrymen try to get them over to the outside square in spite of the efforts of the two enemy soldiers at the other corners to capture them.

Make a square by placing stones for bases ten feet apart, and, outside of this, a larger square with bases thirty feet apart. Two players with red bean bags take the part of British soldiers and stand at opposite corners of the large square, while two players with white bean bags are American ferrymen, and stand at the other corners. One boy or girl is chosen for Washington and another for Howe, and these, together with the rest of the players, who are American soldiers, stand inside the small square.

The ferrymen and British soldiers toss their bags to the American soldiers in the small square, who try to catch the bags. If a soldier catches a white bag, he goes to safety with the ferrymen, while if he catches a red bag he is made a prisoner by the British soldiers. Washington tries to keep his soldiers from catching the red bag, and Howe tries to keep them from catching the white. The ferrymen win if they get the most Americans to safety, while the British soldiers win if they capture the most prisoners.



Perhaps You Do Not Understand Your Child

BECAUSE your child is *yours*, you are apt to think you can interpret his every thought and mood. But do you really understand him?

Do you ever feel that he is becoming a stranger to you, his mother? Is he developing alien traits, alien habits, alien thoughts? Does he hesitate, seem embarrassed and withhold the confidence that has made him so dear to you? Do you ever look at him in wonder, thinking, "Who is this stranger that I have clothed and fed, nursed and guided—who is this intruder in the precious body of my child?"

Few parents realize that the minds of children do not operate like the minds of adults, and that very few of the actions of parents are understood by their children. We think of machinery as being susceptible to our slightest touch. We push a lever one way and a certain thing happens. And so it is with the human machinery of childhood. We say a certain thing to our child and a certain result occurs. And if we know what to do and say, how and when, we can build and build our children just as surely and scientifically as we can regulate a piece of machinery.

Send Today For This 32 Page Book on the Child Mind. It's Free

Recently there has been developed a system of child training which is founded upon the latest principles endorsed by leading national authorities. It accomplishes results never dreamed of by the average parent—results which forever

banish disobedience, wilfulness and untruthfulness.

Full Information Costs Only a Stamp

We shall be glad to send you free of charge our new booklet, "New Methods in Child Training," together with full particulars of the work of the Association and the special benefits it offers to members. For the sake of your children, and for your own sake, write for this free booklet now before you lay this magazine aside.

If this booklet answers a few of the questions that have perplexed you, you will be glad that you sent for it. It is showing thousands of sincere American mothers the easy and right way to train their children. And it is only a matter of sending the coupon or a postcard.



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Dept. 982 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

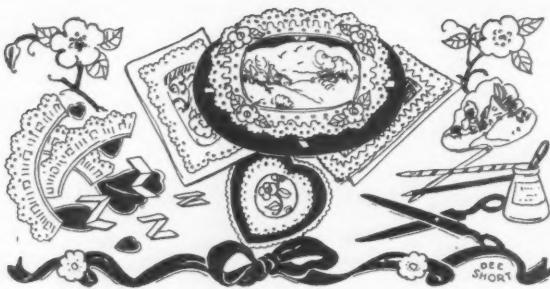
THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION
Dept. 982, Pleasant Hill, Ohio
Please send me your book "New Methods in Child Training." This does not obligate me in any way.

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Address.....

City..... State.....

Check this square if you would like also or receive full information about the Besty Educational Playbox, an amazing new kind of Play, now being offered at a Special Low Price.



NIMBLEFINGERS' VALENTINES

PATTEN BEARD

Author of *The Bluebird's Garden*, *The Jolly Book of Boxcraft*,
Funcraft, *Playcraft* and *The Toyland Mother Goose*

IT WAS the stormy shut-in week before Valentines' Day that Josie and John found out about Nimblefingers' Valentines. It had been a most unsatisfactory week of sleet and snow, and it ended by their staying home from school at the last. "Today, our teacher was going to let us make valentines" sighed Josie. "I wish I could go to school!"

"How about valentines here?" asked Aunt Tibbi. "We'll put some newspapers on the dining room table to cover it and keep it clean. Then I'll mix you up some paste made of flour and water and starch—a half a teaspoonful of flour and starch and two tablespoonfuls of water cooked a bit on the stove. And we will make the loveliest valentines that you ever saw. We need only Nimblefingers," she laughed and pointed to Josie's fingers.

"Oh, oh!" cried John and Josie. "How jolly!"

"Yes," agreed Aunt Tibbi, "it is! Let's start to get things ready for Nimblefingers at once! John, get your paint box and brushes, a pair of scissors, and some cardboard and colored papers."

She turned to Josie. "You may bring from the store-closet some of the ends of the wall paper you'll find there. And bring any pretty pictures you can cut out from colored magazines."

So the two ran off. When they came back, things were placed at one end of the dining room table. All the "tools" like paste, scissors, pencils and ruler were put within easy reach. Josie sat at one end of the table while John sat at the other end.

"Hurrah for Nimblefingers," smiled Aunt Tibbi, when their supplies were on the table. "What is this?" She held up a lacy paper doily.

"A paper doily that came from the ten cent store!"

"Exactly," she answered. "Now, watch the magic of my own Nimblefingers, and your own Nimblefingers can do the same. Here are four lacy paper doilies—two apiece. Now watch me."

Aunt Tibbi took the scissors. She cut off the outside rim of the pattern of the circle. Then she cut it in half. One half, she cut into four equal parts. She pasted these together in the form of an oval square, ends lapping over each other.

Next, she took a piece of pretty red paper that had once been the cover of a pamphlet. This she cut into a rounded oval a bit larger in size than the lace-paper one. "It is going to look like a wonderful lacy valentine," she mused. "Maybe you never saw any before but long ago one could buy them in shops. Now, one seldom sees them." And she cut four narrow strips of pad paper, each about an inch and a half long and a quarter of an inch wide, and each she folded into three equal sections.

"Now, John," she commanded, "your Nimblefingers may cut four pretty roses from some of that wall paper. They are to be pasted at the four corners of the lacy oval—see!"

She turned to Josie. "Find me a pretty magazine picture to frame under the lacy oval."

While the two were busy, Aunt Tibbi's own Nimblefingers first pasted the four folded strips to the red paper oval, one at each end or side. "I want the picture now," she called to Josie."

Josie had it ready. It was a little landscape with a house. It fitted upon the red oval and was pasted down. And then Aunt Tibbi took the four nice roses John had cut from the wall paper and pasted one at each corner of the lacy oval; and then she again pasted the long folded strips of the red paper oval to the under part of the lacy oval frame. This made the lacy frame stand upright in a very attractive way. Oh, it was pretty!

Aunt Tibbi showed Josie and John how to vary the forms, too; booklets could be made with verses lettered inside, and outside the pretty cover might have the decoration of lacy paper with raised frame. One could make round valentines, oval ones and valentines of any shape. One could do it merely by placing and arranging the sections of the doily's rim when it was cut. The valentines also might vary in size. It was ever such fun to make them. John and Josie found ever so many pretty flower designs in the wall papers—baskets of flowers, birds and roses to frame. If you hunt, when you make your Nimblefingers' valentines, you'll find them, too!

John and Josie made a whole row of valentines and when they had ended—why, would you believe, it was lunch time! The papers had to be cleared off the table and things put away—but how fast the morning had gone! And there were all those jolly valentines to send about to friends! I dare say you'd like to make some, too.



WHO'S WHO IN CHILD LIFE

I THINK 'Dizzy Lizzie' is the best story I ever read!" All of you who wrote *that* to Miss Waldo and all the rest of you, too, will be delighted this month to find that HUGH LOFTING's famous heroine has returned to CHILD LIFE with a large assortment of this season's models of crazy adventures. This first chapter takes her to Cracko-Crazenia. Next month you will hear about some of her crazy adventures there.

Other distinguished writers besides Mr. Lofting, who, you know, won the Newbery medal, have written stories for you in this number of CHILD LIFE. ELLA YOUNG has written you a wonderful Irish fairy tale, "Three Golden Apples." Miss Young, whose attractive books for boys and girls are well known in England and Ireland, was introduced to CHILD LIFE by PADRAIC COLUM, the Irish poet. Other well-known writers this month are MARGARET WARDE of "Betty Wales" fame; EMMETT DUNN ANGELL, the Play Man; PATTEN BEARD, whose Box-Craft, Play-Craft books are so jolly, and AUGUSTA SEAMAN, author of many popular books for boys and girls. There are many others, too, who contribute to your February fun.

Next month CHILD LIFE brings you Dizzy Lizzie again and another adventure of Barbara's with the Seven Keyholes, and a Dick and Dolly story all about the "Birds that Nest in March." CHILD LIFE also will introduce you to such charming creatures as Tony Tigerkin, St. Patrick's tearful snake and a "Turtle Whose Snap Unfastened." Then, as usual, there will be stories about Toppo, Uncle Jerome, Pudgy and heaps of other old friends as well as the yum-yummy goodies that CLARA INGRAM JUDSON tells you how to make in our CHILD LIFE kitchen. And then—well, you remember that pranky, fanciful tale about The Corn That Popped, don't you? FRANCES STERRETT has written you another one, all about something frosty and pink and twinkly that Hector Achilles found in his mother's kitchen and gave to the Princess Diana Minerva and—

But let's save all the other surprises for our March CHILD LIFE.

CARELESS CREATURES' COLUMN



HARRY HIPPOPOTAMUS

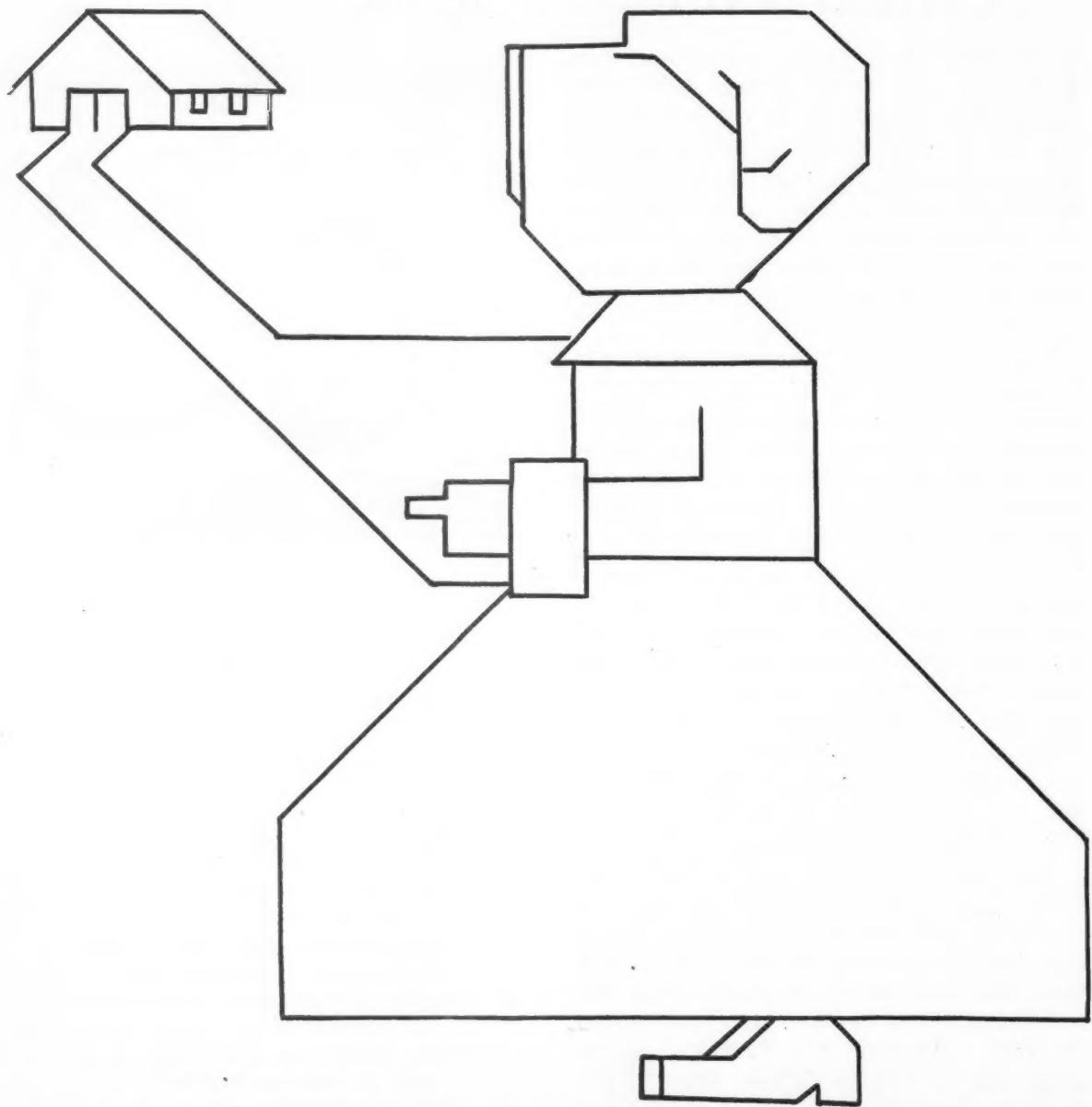
HELEN COWLES LECRON

NOW Harry Hippopotamus had such a heavy tread
That when he ran about the house his mother often said,
"Good gracious, Harry, softly, please!
Your stamping hurts my head!
Besides, you'll wake the baby, who is fast asleep in bed!
Why, Harry, one would really think your feet were made of lead!"

I like to think that long ago a change was seen in Harry,
And he became as graceful and as lightsome and as airy
As any meadow butterfly or any woodland fairy!
Who knows? Perhaps the change has made his parents glad and merry.
(And yet, an agile hippo would be far from ordinary!)

THE CHILD LIFE QUILT No. 4

Designed by RUBY SHORT McKIM



No. 4. THE QUAKER MAID

IF ONE lives up to tradition and is a credit to the family, it is perfectly right and proper to be proud of ancestry. Not that we should boast of it—mercy no! Gentle blood is something that tells, itself, if we do not make the mistake of telling about it.

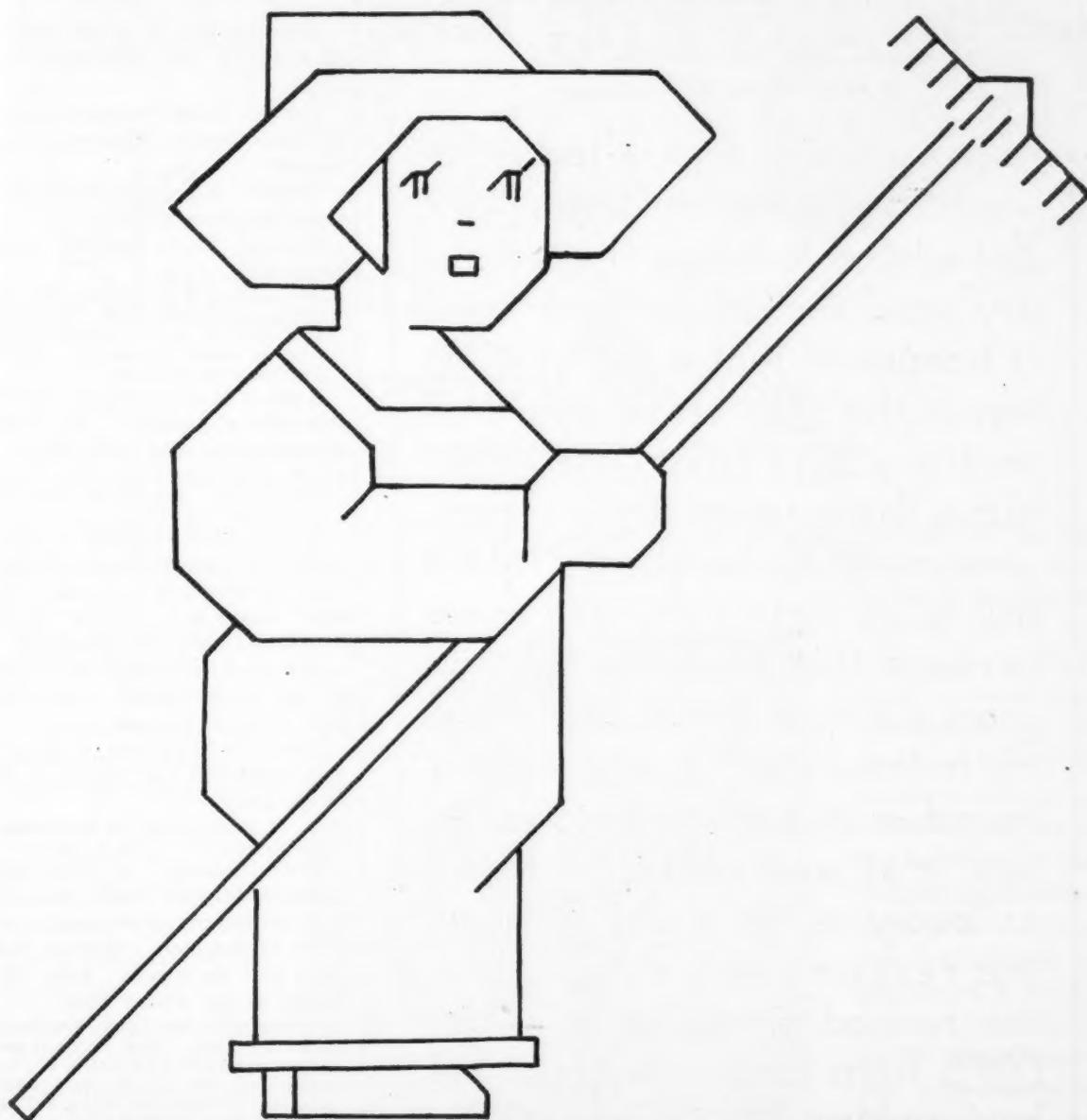
Well, now, to get back to Quilt No. 4. She is a Quaker maid, and that is the meeting house up in the corner. We shall say that she is child life from Pennsylvania, because that is where William Penn established great colonies

of these gentle, determined, God-fearing folk. Thousands of you American children have Quaker blood in your veins, no doubt, and it is something to be very proud of, too.

Instructions: To change the drawing into a quilt block, trace through carbon onto a smoothly-ironed piece of muslin that is cut about ten inches square. To make sure that your lines will trace perfectly true, use a ruler to mark along. After you have traced the pattern onto the muslin, you can work it in simple outline stitch, any color you may choose for your quilt. There are twenty drawings in all, just enough for a child's quilt.

THE CHILD LIFE QUILT NO. 5

Designed by RUBY SHORT MCKIM



No. 5. THE KANSAS FARMER BOY

BUMPER wheat crops and bouncing boys are just part of the pride of Kansas. This small and smiley farmer lad stands for both. He is child life that is healthy and helpful. With overalls, straw hat and rake, he's ready to work his way in with the others and be a welcome number of your Quilt set.

You know the farmer is the good provider of our food, and his industry goes first to make our nation strong and happy. There are thousands of very small boys who help do their share of

work on the farm, and we are glad to honor them in our CHILD LIFE Quilt.

Instructions: To change the drawing into a quilt block, trace through carbon onto a smoothly-ironed piece of muslin that is cut about ten inches square. To make sure that your lines will trace perfectly true, use a ruler to mark along. After you have traced the pattern onto the muslin, you can work it in simple outline stitch, any color you may choose for your quilt. There are twenty drawings in all, just enough for a child's quilt.

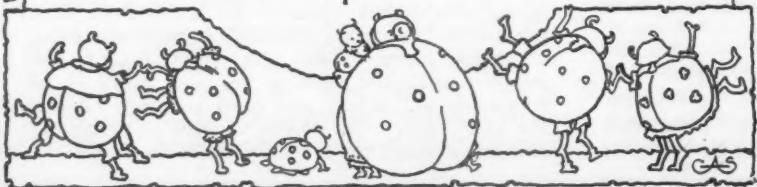


LADY-BUG



By Gertrude A. Strickler

Long long ago a lady-wash'd out her children's clothes. "But where to hang them up to dry," said she "O goodness knows!" It happened that a spider was in the grass close by, and on the spider's silken line, she hung them up to dry. Then Granny spider laughed "Ho! ho! those -lets' clothes are mine because they're in my web" and then she took them off the line. A measuring worm was looking 'round as on a leaf he stood. He saw it all and called for help, as loudly as he could. Then to the rescue came a bee, and tho he had to tug, he took the clothes from Granny's grasp and back to Mrs. Bee. The clothes were torn but Lady-bug patched up the holes with black. And since that day each lady-bug wears :::: upon her back :::



THE KNIGHT OF THE FUNNY BONE

(Continued from page 95)

KING (*at the end of the dance*): Now, Cupid, you may weigh the votes.

CUPID: Please, your heartiness, the anti-valentine votes weigh half an ounce.

QUEEN: How much do the pro-valentine votes weigh?

CUPID: Three pounds, your heartiness.

[*There is a shout of joy from everybody but Downey-Mouthier, and in their excitement some of the Valentine-makers twirl one another around in a dance. The King draws his sword.*]

KING (*with all the dignity that his roly-poliness permits*): My dear subjects, Spud is to be knighted.

[*At the nudge from Cupid, Spud kneels before the King who lays the flat of his sword across his back.*]

KING: Spud, in honor of your services, I, Johnny, King of Hearts, make you knight of— [Aside to his wife.] Great lace, my dear, whatever shall I make him knight of?

QUEEN: I had thought of *Knight of the Loving Heart*, but that doesn't match his hair.

DOWNEY-MOUTHER (*sourly*): You might call him *Knight of the Funny Bone!*

[*There is laughter from the Valentine-makers and cries of "The very thing!"*]

KING (*beaming*): A great and honorable title, for (with a flourish) Spud has shown us how great is the power of laughter. [Striking him gently with the sword.] Arise, Sir Knight of the Funny Bone.

[*At another nudge from Cupid, Spud bows before the throne. When Cupid throws a velvet mantle over his shoulders, he bows again, this time to the Valentine-makers. He begins another jig, and the "Ha-Ha" chorus starts again.*]

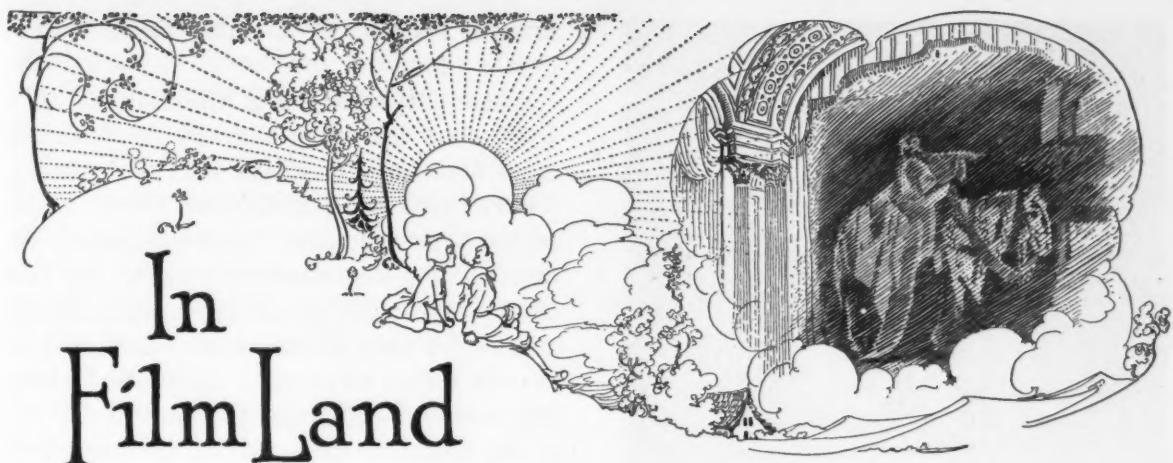
QUEEN (*whispering behind her hand in a lull of the chorus*): Johnny, your crown's on crooked. [With dignity the King straightens it.] (AND THE CURTAIN FALLS.)



THE MOON

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

SEE how the Sky
Is sailing its Kite,
Trailing a Hundred Stars
Over the Night.



In Film Land

PETER PAN

Retold by MARJORIE BARROWS

Pictures by courtesy of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

IF PETER PAN hadn't lost his shadow in the Darling nursery, there's no telling whether Mr. or Mrs. Darling would ever have believed in fairies. Wendy did, of course, and so did John and Michael. And even Nana, the children's nurse, had her suspicions. But it took Peter Pan and that shadow of his to prove fairies to grown-ups.

Peter Pan and Wendy and all the rest, you know, have been put into a wonderful book by Sir James M. Barrie, one of the fairies' greatest chums. And now our Motion Picture friends have put them into a Filmland picture for all of us.

It was Nana, the nurse, who cut off Peter's shadow. Nana was a prim Newfoundland dog who had belonged to no one

in particular until the Darlings had engaged her. And maybe she wasn't a treasure when it came to keeping the children polite and tidy, and escorting them to school each day—with an umbrella in her mouth in case of rain.

The first picture we see is Mrs. Darling entering the children's nursery at bedtime. She is startled by the glimpse of a strange little boy, walking lightly on the window sill, who vanishes, quick as a blink, when he sees her looking. Mr. Darling now comes in and the children's mother tells him about the strange visitor. "He's been here before," she says. "Nana ran after him and he leaped through the window. Down it



came, cutting his shadow clean off." And, taking a crumpled shadow from a bureau



drawer, she dangles it before his astonished eyes.

Nana has been giving the children their baths, but just then they escape from her paws and come tumbling into the nursery. Michael and Mr. Darling plan to run a race taking their medicine, but Mr. Darling decides at the last moment to pour *his* into Nana's bowl. Nobody likes his joke, though, and as for poor Nana—well, after the first lap, she bursts into tears. Then Mr. Darling gets ever so fussy, drags the faithful dog out of the room by the scruff of the neck, and ties her up in the yard.

And that's how it happens that the nursery is left unguarded. And that is why, when the children fall asleep, a bright light darts into the room and twinkles on the mantel. It is Tinker Bell, a saucy fairy. And a moment later the strange little boy, following his fairy friend, leaps through the window and into the room. This is Peter Pan from Never Never Land and he is searching for his lost shadow. Tinker Bell finds it for him and when he can't fasten it on his foot with a bar of soap he feels just as sorry as *you* might if *your* shadow wouldn't stay put.

Then Wendy wakes and comforts him by sewing his shadow neatly to his foot. Peter tells her all the latest news about the fairies who are born when a baby first laughs and who die one by one whenever a child says, "I don't believe in fairies!" He also tells her how he ran away on the day he was born and how he has never grown up. He never wants to, either, for he has such fun in Never Never Land with his band of lost boys. Lost boys, you know, are those who fall out of their baby carriages when the nurse is not looking. Girl babies, Peter tells her, are far too clever to fall out. He wants Wendy to mother his band and offers to take her to his underground house and show her pirates, Indians, mermaids and all the other sights, if she cares to jump on the wind's back and fly there with him.

"Oo!" cries Wendy rapturously, not realizing how lonely her mother will be without her. And a moment later, she and John and

Michael, whom she has awakened, are all thinking lovely, wonderful thoughts and letting Peter sprinkle them with fairy dust, so that they can fly, too.

There's quite a knack to flying, but, by the time a frantic, barking Nana and a worried father and mother rush into the room, Peter and his friends are on their way to Never Never Land. And through the window we see the four children joyously circling about a far-off steeple . . .

Next we are introduced to Captain James Hook, a bloodthirsty pirate chief who is Peter's enemy. He is peacefully smoking two cigars at once, when we first meet him, and is gazing at a clock and a Book on Etiquette that he has just taken from a treasure chest. Then a crocodile approaches and Captain James Hook isn't so peaceful. Peter Pan, it seems, has fed one of the Captain's arms to that very same crocodile, that since that day has followed him from land to land and from sea to sea, licking its lips for the rest of him.

"In a way, it's a compliment," another pirate assures Hook, who, catching up the clock with his hook-arm (that replaces his lost one) angrily hurls it at the monster.

The crocodile swallows it at one gulp, gives a terrific wriggle, and turns to look at its tail, which is beating like a pendulum of a clock.

"Now!" gasps Hook, leaping back to safety. "Every time it comes my way I'll hear the tick tick inside of it—and bolt!"

"Until the clock *runs down!*" murmurs his pal. And Hook shivers.

In the meantime Peter and his friends have all sorts of adventures before they reach Never Never Land, that wonderful island where the lost boys are out looking for Peter, the pirates are looking for the lost boys, the redskins are looking for the pirates, and the wolves are looking for the redskins. Round and round they go. But they do not meet, as all are going at the same rate.

One of the first things the boys do, when the children arrive, is to build a leaf house for Wendy, with John's top hat for a chimney

(Continued on page 120)



YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns.



NANCY PAPER-DOLL is so pleased because some one has sent her a Valentine bouquet. You will have a hard time keeping her still long enough to dress her.

Nancy's little silk slip, with dainty lace trimming and a pleated ruffle, is very cunning and easy to make. She is learning, while young, that a frock, no matter how charming, should never outshine the slip beneath it.

This afternoon she had a glorious time at kindergarten. They had a post office, with a heart-shaped window, and Cupid himself was postmaster. He found a dozen or more valentines for Nancy. Nancy wore a dear little dress of yellow flannel. The circular collar was trimmed with deeper yellow flannel flowers. It had a really truly pocket too, made entirely of them.

And now, she is going to a party and carry her bouquet. My,

how up-to-the-minute little clothes must be, and still look child-like! This soft little dress, with tiny, ostrich trimming, will surely conquer every heart at the party! Wouldn't you like one exactly like it? Nancy buys all of her patterns from CHILD LIFE, and you can have dresses just like hers if you send there for your patterns.

Pattern No. 4200, sizes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years.

Pattern No. 4693, sizes 1, 2, 3 and 5 years.

Pattern No. 3704, sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years.

Patterns are 20 cents each.

We are always delighted to answer any questions Mother may care to ask, if she will send a stamped self-addressed envelope to CHILD LIFE Pattern Department, care Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.



TO MY DOG

HELEN WING

PUPPY DOG, Puppy Dog,
How I love you!
Your eyes are so friendly,
Your heart is so true,
I know you are always
My pal without fail,
From the 'sniff' of your nose
To the 'wag' of your tail.

TO MY DOLL

HELEN WING

I LOVE you, dear, although I know
Your body is a rag.
(We made you out of pieces from
My grandma's sewing bag.)
Your legs are getting rather limp.
Your neck is wobbly, too,
Yet no doll in the nursery
Is half so dear as you.



TO MY CAT

HELEN WING

I LOVE you when you snuggle
down
And close your amber eyes.
I love you when your fluffy tail
Gets prickly with surprise.
I love to hide my fingers in
The softness of your fur
And hear the little loving words
You tell me with your 'purr.'



Dorothy Henderson

PETER PAN

(Continued from page 117)

and the sole of Michael's shoe for a door knocker. Wendy is so pleased that she promises to be their mother. And what with sewing, darning and cooking, and telling them good night stories—she has her hands full. But oh, how she loves it!

In the next picture we find Peter and Wendy rescuing Tiger Lily, an Indian princess, from a slippery rock in the Mermaid's Lagoon, where Captain Hook has left her to perish from the rising tide. After a fight with Hook himself, Peter is almost drowned. He saves Wendy by tying her to the tail of a large kite that floats toward the rock. But he cannot save himself. So he stays there and shivers as he watches the water rising, rising, and listens to the mermaids calling to the moon. The next instant he is standing erect, with a smile on his face, crying, "To die will be an awfully big adventure." But soon the Never Bird rescues him in her big nest and Peter paddles over the water, crowing triumphantly.

Other adventures follow. Then Wendy gets homesick and invites all the lost boys to come home with her. "Father and Mother will adopt you," she tells them. "It will just mean putting a few beds in the drawing room." Peter Pan alone refuses. He feels terribly about losing her, but tries to hide his grief. "Nobody's going to make me grow up," he declares. "I just want to be a little boy always and have fun!"

So at last, after he promises Wendy he'll remember about changing his flannels and taking the drink she has left for him, the children leave him all alone in his queer little underground home. Peter tries to play gaily on his pipes, but gives it up miserably and falls asleep. When he awakens he starts to take Wendy's drink, not knowing that Hook has stolen in and replaced it with poison.

"Don't drink!" cries Tinker Bell, but heedless Peter is about to toss it off anyway, when the fairy's bright light hovers over the glass and the liquid disappears. Peter knows she has taken the poison to save him. If

children will only believe in fairies, though, he feels sure they can save Tinker Bell.

Peter Pan flings out his arms. "Do you believe in fairies?" he cries out to children everywhere. "If you do—clap your hands; don't let Tink die!" So, of course, we all clap very hard. And Tinker Bell is saved.

In the meantime the pirates have captured all the children. So Peter Pan and Tinker Bell now fly to their rescue. Captain Hook is gleefully starting to make them all walk the plank when he hears a terrifying sound. "Tick! Tick! Tick! Tick!"

"The crocodile!" he cries. "Hide me!"

But it is Peter Pan instead, who has borrowed the crocodile's clock in order to make the Captain shiver. Then, in the cabin, there is a terrible fight between the pirates and the boys. Peter fights so bravely that Hook thinks he is magic.

"Pan, who art thou?" he asks in despair.

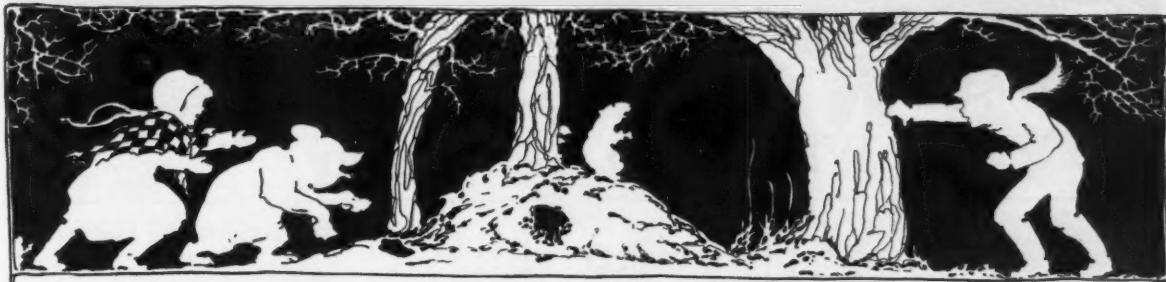
"I'm youth—eternal youth!" cries Peter exultantly. "I'm the sun rising—I'm poets singing—I'm a little bird that has broken out of its egg—I'm joy, joy, joy!"

A moment later and he has forced the cruel pirate to walk the plank. With a dignified dive, Hook disappears. And the crocodile, waiting for him, has its favorite dish for dinner.

What a wonderful time Nana and Mr. and Mrs. Darling have when Wendy and John and Michael return home! And when Wendy explains about the lost boys, her mother opens her arms and they all rush to her. Peter stares at them wistfully from the window. But he won't come in—and grow up in the regular fashion. So Wendy's mother promises to lend Wendy to him every year to do his spring cleaning for him.

In the last picture we find Wendy after a wonderful spring cleaning, taking leave of Peter in the tree-tops of Never Never Land. Peter waves his hand and watches her fly past other fairy trees, past the great golden moon, sailing far into the distance.

Then Tinker Bell flutters to his shoulder and Peter Pan, taking out his pipes, begins to play. . . .



THE JOLLY J'S.

BY HELENE NYCE



Long time ago Jenny & Johnny were in the woods with Jock. Away ahead, a queer little nose popped out of a hole in the hillside.



Then head and body followed and a little creature ventured to creep out -



And sat up - looking this way - and that way



"Hurry!" cried Johnny. "Spring is here! There's the Ground Hog."



An' it's his day! An' it's so cloudy," said Jenny. "There's never a shadow to scare him."



Groundy found a root & Jock ran for a bite -



And perhaps even on a very cloudy day Jock's roly-poly self made a shadow - at any rate



Groundy popped into his hole -



"O: Jock - cried Jenny. "I wanted Spring to come!" "An' now I gotta shovel paths for six weeks!" groaned John."

DOGS Where To Get Them



What makes Molly so happy? I'm sure you don't have to be told, for those two collie puppies answer the question. They came from

**SUNNYBRAE
COLLIE KENNELS**
Bloomington, Ill.

Why don't you write to Sunnybrae? They have fine collie puppies like these at reasonable prices. Buy a collie and you will be sure that you are getting the best kind of a playmate. Mr. F. R. Clarke, owner of the kennels, has written a book on Dog Training, which he will send to you for 35c. He would be glad to receive a letter from you.

Champion-Bred POLICE DOGS

FOR SALE—A few puppies from a mating in which the best champion blood lines of Germany, Austria and Holland are represented.

Write today for full descriptive circular

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COLLIES
Safest dog for children.
Any age; any color; imported stock. Send for descriptive and free lists.
JEFFERSON WHITE COLLIE KENNELS
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—A Jefferson White is a Collie of a Type

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Sturdy northern stock with over thirty champions and grand champions in pedigree.

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Ashland, Wisconsin

HIGHNOON WHITE COLLIES

are ideal playmates for children and what better companion could a child have. Strong, healthy, vigorous, beautiful. Just drop a note to—

**THE HIGHNOON
WHITE COLLIE KENNELS**
1619 Glenwood Ave. Youngstown, O.

PEKINGESE

This Is Me
I may be little and soft and plump,
But my heart is big and true.
My mistress says now I'm quite big
enough
To leave my dear mother—for you.



CHILD LIFE

Dog Stories

PRINCE

I HAVE a little dog,
And his name is Prince;
He loves all kinds of pies,
And especially mince.

DOROTHY MAE BALDWIN,
11 years old Ocean Park, Cal.

SHEPHERD BROWN

I HAVE a little doggie,
His name is Shepherd Brown;
And every time I go away
He thinks I go downtown.

BABETTE SPERO,
5 years old Youngstown, Ohio

LUCKY DOG

I HAVE a little dog,
We call him "Tucky",
"Cause he's from the Blue
Grass,
Don't you think he's lucky?

MARY KING KOGEN,
10 years old Miami, Florida.

CHILD LIFE wants each of its little readers to have the companionship of a dog and will be only too glad to answer any inquiries pertaining to the selection of one of these loyal pets for your household. Just write to CHILD LIFE, Dog Department, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Write at once for descriptions and pictures from the largest and best appointed kennels in the World.

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MRS. HARRIE A. BAXTER
Telephone Caledonia 6160
Great Neck, Long Island, or
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"Strong Heart" Police Dogs

"Character plus Appearance."
You can pay more but you can't get a better dog.

**SUN BEAM FARM
STRONG HEART KENNELS**
East Pike, New Brunswick, N.J.



"Little puppies Pekingese
Which would you like best of these?
All, attention, if you please,
Sun Dogs of ancient Chinese."

\$35 and up, photos from
MRS. G. KRAMER
2289-A Metropolitan Ave., Middle Village, L.I.

POLICE PUPPIES

Ready for Christmas

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H. N. HANCHETT
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When we were children we had one of these happy, dependable dogs for a playmate. Today we raise them for your children and ours. Pedigreed puppies in Solid Red, White and Red, Solid Black, and White and Black.

MR. AND MRS. P. M. STAUFFER
Wadsworth, Ohio

SEND FOR YOUR COPY.
Two hundred page illustrated dog book about world's largest kennels and its famous strain of Oorang Airedales specially trained as companions, watch-dogs, automobile guards, stock drivers, hunters, retrievers. Ten cents postage brings book with price lists of trained dogs, puppies, supplies, feeds, medicines, etc.

OORANG KENNELS
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WHITE COLLIE PUPPIES

Beautiful, sturdy, country-bred. Ready for delivery. Sired by Janchowsky's Rex. \$10, \$15, \$20.

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Buy a puppy and make the children happy.
Write for price list.

C. N. WILLARD
Mt. View Kennel Middleville, N. Y.



CLUB MOTTO:

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short-joy giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about it in story form, and send your story of CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, Editor

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

This month the club is publishing some work of its honorary members.

MY VALENTINE

ONE Valentine's day,
I made a heart,
And pasted it on to stay,
And next to it a cupid's dart,
Then sent it on its way.

MARTHA LANKFORD
Age 11 years Baltimore, Md.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I JUST adore CHILD LIFE.
I read it over and over again.
Mother gave me the December number and said she would give me all of the other numbers. I would like to be a Joy Giver and belong to your club. I am sending you a little poem.

With lots of love,

MARTHA LANKFORD
Age 11 years.



MARY COVEY

CASTLE CORALYN

ONE glorious August afternoon I was building a castle of sand on the shore of a quiet lake. While I was listening to the gurgling sound of the water washing over the sand, I thought how pleasant it would be to become a fish, so that I might see the bottom of the lake. I fin-

ished the castle, wishing that something exciting would happen. I might have wished for more, had I not noticed that the sand castle was changing to one of magnificent shells! Something exciting was happening!

As I gazed at the splendid castle, a fish doorkeeper appeared and beckoned for me to follow. All this time the castle seemed to be growing larger, or perhaps I was growing smaller. Then I noticed that the castle and I were going downward. At last we stopped descending with a thud. We were in a very beautiful region which I learned from the doorkeeper was the Kingdom of Hapwish.

I now entered the castle and found that its walls were gorgeously painted and that its floors were of pearl. A very old fish butler came hobbling toward me, with a reed cane under his fin. He was grumbling about his "rheumatics," evidently, but had the word mixed up

Dont Hum

Play It on a Hohner

Everybody likes good music. Nearly everybody would like to play a musical instrument. And very soon everybody will be playing one, for anybody can play a Hohner Harmonica.

Twelve million music lovers, young and old, have learned to call the Hohner Harmonica "That Musical Pal of Mine." They know that there's nothing like good music for happiness, and nothing like a Hohner for good music.

Don't hum—play it on a Hohner. Get one today—50¢ up—and ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 187, New York City.

If you want a musical treat ask to hear Victor Record 19421, by Borrah Minevitch.



TEACH YOUR CHILD at Home

and give him practically the same educational advantages he would have at the best private school.

A father writes: "Most parents want their children to have the best education, and are even willing to make sacrifices to give it to them. If you could only show them what Calvert children learn and do, it would be a revelation. Their children are being trained for mediocrity—they are not having a fair chance—they may be capable of great things, but they are not given the opportunity."

V. M. HILLIERY—Headmaster. Author of "Child Training," "A Child's History of the World," etc.

Write for information to
CALVERT SCHOOL
11 Chase St., Baltimore, Md.

Pictures of CHILD LIFE
None are better than the photographs
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Glass Heads—Steel Points

For heavy framed pictures use

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"The Hanger with the Twist"

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MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

After A Bath With Cuticura Soap Dust With Cuticura Talcum Delicately Medicated Of Pleasing Fragrance

with mathematics and many other kinds of "atics." As soon as he noticed me, he said that I must have some lunch and led me to the dining room. Just as I stepped inside the door, a turtle housekeeper toddled in with some food. While I was eating, a mermaid entered, and I was sure that she was the queen because the butler tumbled in trying to bow.

The queen was surprised to see me, but greeted me kindly. She then spoke to the housekeeper, telling her that, unless she was able to move more swiftly, she would have to leave.

Queen Coralyn invited me, in her charming way, for a ride on the majestic Alligator car. I was delighted and accepted the invitation eagerly. But the excitement was coming later! Shortly before we were to start, the weirdest clams ever seen in the fish world could be seen approaching the castle, carrying shells on their backs. They were led by a W-H-A-L-E! The poor queen was bewildered and horror-stricken. All she seemed able to do was to stand and stare. Fish were disappearing in every direction and we, too, were about to make our escape, when the whale held up a flag of truce, a bit of seaweed fastened to a reed. Then the king slowly, but sedately, approached the whale. When the king returned, we were told that the clams had been driven out of their homeland and that they had come here to dwell. Queen Coralyn quickly ordered her fish troops, consisting of swordfish, sticklebacks, sturgeons, long and short-nosed gar pike and bullheads, to take the intruders to the farthest part of the lake, because at that time there was no room for any more citizens in the Kingdom of Hapnish. Then we had our glorious ride and returned.

While we were riding, I learned that the next day was the queen's birthday. There was excitement everywhere. No one knew what to get the queen. Her subjects tried in every way to find out. One oyster was so sad that he came to me, crying real pearls, saying he did not know what to get the queen.

"The worst thing is that I haven't enough money to buy anything appropriate for a queen," he said, crying more bitterly.

I was at a loss to know what to say to console him. I tried everything I knew, but he cried on still more bitterly. The pearls were dropping rapidly, so it was not long before the floor was almost carpeted.

Suddenly there was a great commotion outside the door. It burst open, letting in a number of noisy fish. They rushed at me and started to carry me out of the room. I demanded an explanation. All that I could understand was that the queen had wished for a real mortal child. As I was the only one they had ever seen, they were going to take me! I was almost ready to give up when I felt something beneath me. It began to rise and raised me right above the astonished fish. It was the turtle housekeeper's husband. He told me to sit down on his back, so that I would not fall among the amazed fish below.

My head soon began to project above the water. I saw that we were very near land, so I directed the turtle until we were on the sandy beach. I was surprised to see the sand castle, looking very much like the queen's. I tried to express my gratitude to the turtle, but it seemed that I could not find the right words.

After the turtle left me, I was still bewildered! I couldn't think where I was. At last I remembered that the sand castle had changed to the queen's castle! It had all been a dream! I was rubbing my eyes sleepily. I was lying where I had thrown myself an hour before.

MARY COVEY

Age 13 years Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I LIVE in St. Paul and I have taken CHILD LIFE ever since it has been published. I would like to become a Joy Giver and join the club. I am sending my own poem.

Love from
DIANA DOTY

VALENTINE DAY

VALENTINE day is almost here,
The happiest day of all the
year,
It is such fun to send cards of cheer,
To all my friends who are so dear!

DIANA DOTY
Age 9½ years St. Paul, Minn.

THE TRIP TO FAIRYLAND

ONCE upon a time there lived a little girl and boy named Gerda and Billy. They both decided to take a trip to Fairyland. How were they to do it? Gerda suggested they go by auto but Billy scornfully said, "Autos don't go fast enough. We'll go by aeroplane." This pleased Gerda very much and together they planned their trip.

By night they were both ready to go. Billy steered the aeroplane, while Gerda happily smiled down upon the world sleeping so peacefully below. Higher and higher they soared till they could almost see Fairyland with its twinkling little stars beckoning to them. By morning two very tired but happy children stopped in front of a large and beautiful palace made of gold, silver and the purest marble.

A swarm of beautiful little fairies ran down a walk of gold to meet them. Oh, how beautiful everything was! The fairies were overjoyed with their little visitors. They were taken to a little house which was to be their very own home during their visit. The house was made of gold, just like the palace and everything else in this little world of wonder. Even the furniture was made of gold and the curtains of gold lace.

"Shall we ever go back to earth?" whispered Gerda to Billy.

"No, we'll stay here forever," said Billy. "I like it."

"I do, too," said Gerda, and so it was settled for a time.

The fairies showed them the best time, and all they ate was candy, ice cream, cake, fruits and nuts, with very good beverages to drink. The flowers were mostly

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For Infants

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for All the Family

Baby Midgets are the smallest hose supporters made. Some have bows, some without. Non-rusting clasp. If you send to us direct we will supply you.
Silk, 18c.
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YOU can obtain in the Velvet Grip line every conceivable type of hose supporter for children, and for misses and women any wanted style. The oblong rubber button will keep stockings taut without tearing or twisting.

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Also Makers of Boston Garters for Men



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They're everywhere. Everybody wants them. Those big, noiseless **rubber tires** have certainly made a big hit and the old racketty steel wheel skates are getting rusty because forgotten. You want them—of course you do, just like your chum

Bill. Wheels like auto wheels—ball bearing, frictionless, non-skid, shockproof and speedy as a bird—you can't beat "Chicago" RUBBER TIRED Skates.

If you wish to order direct simply send in your name and address plainly written, give age and whether for boy or girl. Include P. O. Money Order. Money back if not satisfied. Order today.

SOUVENIR FREE—Simply fill in answers to questions and mail to us. Boys and Girls—get busy.



Give name of skate you are now using.....

From whom were they bought?.....

Do they satisfy you?.....

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These Mothers Earn Extra Money

CHILD LIFE offers you the opportunity for which you have long been looking. You can earn that extra money for the many things which your family income does not quite cover.



Mrs. F. M. Caffee, Wyo.

Let us tell you about our splendid offer whereby you can turn your spare time into money without being away from your home and family. Our plan is just as good for the one who lives in a small town or on a farm as for the one who lives in the city as the work can be done by correspondence, by telephone calls or by personal calls.

Many busy mothers have earned from \$10.00 to \$100.00 a month by using their spare time in securing subscriptions to CHILD LIFE.



Mrs. L. R. Hawn, Okla.

You can do as well or better. It all depends on how much personal effort you make during your spare moments.

Right now is the very best time to begin this pleasant, enjoyable work, as this is the very height of the subscription season. You can add materially to your bank account. Let CHILD LIFE be the means by which you may accomplish your purposes.



Mrs. F. H. Jones, Calif.

Fill out and return this coupon about the CHILD LIFE plan for earning money—a plan, which is both dignified and enjoyable.

—KEY TO MORE MONEY—

CHILD LIFE
536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

F 25

Gentlemen:

I wish to know how to use my spare time to add to my bank account.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

candy and jewels, and the small springs and ponds were filled with lemonade.

The first day the Queen of Fairies, a beautiful being with golden wings and a magic wand, took them in her little chariot of gold and silver, drawn by hundreds of fairies, to Iceland, where they met the Queen of Snows, and while the two queens were having a merry chat, the little fairies asked Gerda and Billy if they wanted to go to Santa Claus' palace.

"Oh! yes, yes," they both shouted at once. They were then given a pair of green slippers to put on over their heavy little boots, for they were both dressed in furs, given to them by the Fairy Queen. These little slippers would admit them into Santa Claus' palace. The fairies pulled them in a sleigh tinkling with little bells. Farther and farther they went till they came to a tremendously big red house. Santa himself met them at the door with open arms (for he had heard them coming) and they were taken into the most wonderful fairyland of all. Toys, toys, toys everywhere! Not a plaything was missing and little dwarfs were running to and fro, helping Santa make the toys for good girls and boys on earth. Billy spied just the kind of tin soldiers he wanted for Christmas and just the kind of drum and fire engine. Gerda found the very doll she had wished for, with its golden locks of hair and blue eyes, and a doll house and go-cart, also the kind of little red boots she had wanted. Billy insisted that a little dwarf show him how to make a bicycle, but he soon gave it up, saying, "It is better to ride them than to make them."

As it was getting late, the fairies told them they had better go now. Santa filled their pockets to the brim with pretty toys and, after promising to bring them just the very toys they asked for, he bade them good-bye.

The next day was spent walking through beautiful gardens and playing with the stars and moon, while the sun did its work for the people on earth. There were many animals and they were so tame

that the children took great delight in playing with them.

Toward nightfall the Fairy Queen had a few fairies get the aeroplane ready for Billy and Gerda and, filling their pockets with all kinds of goodies, they bade the Queen and everybody else good-bye and thanked them for the pleasant time they had had. Everybody was sorry to see them go, for their company had been enjoyed very much in this strange little world of beautiful things. Saying good-bye again, Gerda and Billy started on their trip, amid shouts and cheers from the people of Fairyland.

About halfway down, something went wrong with the engine and Billy couldn't stop it. The aeroplane gave several somersaults and began falling. Down, down, down it went, till it landed with a mighty crash in a pool of water. Gerda screamed for Billy and Billy screamed for Gerda and, opening their eyes, looked dazedly at one another in bed. Each was clutched in the other's arms and wiping tears away.

"Billy," it was Gerda who spoke first, "I took a trip to Fairyland!"

"And I did, too," said Billy, emphasizing the words, and hand in hand both went off happily to tell Mother about their trip and also to tell her they would rather stay home instead of going to the Wonderland where many of us would like to go.

EDNA FOSTER

Age 15 years Cincinnati, Ohio

A FAMOUS JOY GIVER

LINCOLN was a very great and good man, a fine example for every Joy Giver.

Once, while out riding with a party of friends, he saw a baby bird that had fallen from its nest. He immediately dismounted, and put the fledgling back. He then went on his way as if nothing had happened, but I am sure he felt better for his kind deed.

SARAH LAIRD

Age 12 years Norfolk, Va.



New!

A new and better wheel toy. Life-like head of MOULDED ALUMINUM—the only one of its kind. Staunchly made—beautifully decorated. Light, durable. Quality throughout. Don't judge Dapple Gray by any other wheel toy you ever saw. It sets a new high standard. ASK YOUR DEALER.

JUNIOR WHEEL GOODS CO.
639 Clarence St., Los Angeles, Cal.
and Kokomo, Indiana

DAPPLE-GRAY The Blue Ribbon Wheel Toy



Ko Ko Mo Stamped Metal Co., Kokomo, Indiana

"Wizard of Oz" Dolls

Reproductions of the famous characters from the "Oz" books 14 inches high; made of Art Leather, soft, washable, soft-stuffed; washable; sanitary; unbreakable. Choice of Scarecrow, Tin Woodman, Pumpkinhead, or Patchwork Girl, packed in individual box, by mail postpaid, \$1.00 each.

OZ DOLL & TOY MFG. CO.
Dept. 5, Union League Bldg.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

TEACHERS Are You Training Your Pupils to Be GOOD CITIZENS

BY LETTING them practice Citizenship? With your guidance they can learn to be self-governing. To aid teachers in this work CHILD LIFE has invited Mr. Wilson L. Gill, famous as the inventor of the School Republic, to contribute to the Good Citizen's League page in CHILD LIFE.

Read page 49 and mail the coupon below for further information.

Child Life Good Citizen's League
536 S. Clark St.
Chicago, Ill.

I am interested in organizing a branch league among my pupils. Please send me a handbook.
 Please send me free membership pins for the children whose names, ages, and addresses I have listed on the enclosed sheet of paper.

Name
Street and No.
School. Grade.
City. State.

Joy Givers Club

WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

DECEMBER COLOR CONTEST

SOLUTION

Ruby Crowned Kinglet: Color, olive green and gray in color with a half-concealed flame-colored crest.

WINNERS

Dorothy Dorey, 914 Edgewood Ave., Trenton, N. J., age 12.

Otway Mendenhall, Jr., 1311 Gregory Ave., Wilmette, Ill., age 6½.

HONOR ROLL

Ruth Ackerman
Cornelia W. Aldridge
Katherine Willis Alling
Catherine Anderson
Charles Arighi
Bonnie Baird
Margaret Baker
Max Bane
Della Bartels
Jim Beer
Betty Beuter
Bettina H. Bien
Bernice G. Bilett
Betty Booton
Mary A. Bouteille
Carroll Lee Brewer
Phyllis Brown
Annette Brown
Cornelia Brown
Livingston Brown
Mary Bruce
Dorothy Bumgarner
Gwyneth Burns
James Bussey
Marjorie Carpenter
May Carter
John Chambers
Nicholas Chabanovich
Margaret Clark
Priscilla Clark
Virginia Cochrane
Bill Cormany
Patsy Conger
Virginia Cook
Lola Cotttingham
J. Alton Crossman
Marjorie Daesch
Elizabeth Decker
Lorraine Delisle
Dorlane Deline
Jack De Longe
Doris Demmington
Riley Dobbins
Melba Doerr
Beth Dolan
Wendell Dolloff
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Guy Fesk
Bingham Fisk
Charlie Fish
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Mary F. Fligg
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Rose P. Forysth
Katherine Fraser
Phyllis Frederick
Jeannette Frisbie
Dorothy M. Gardner
Doris E. German
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Theodore Gleason
Charlotte Goodding
Sabina Goodwin
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Two-tone Ribbon Loops and Trimming. \$4.50
Colors: Copen, Red, Sand and Oakwood. 4 1/2 inch

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Every baby has her own sweet personality. Frame those chubby cheeks and elfish eyes in the subtle style that "just belongs." The picture will delight you. If your favorite store does not carry FAIRFAIR KIDDIE CAPS, please write us—

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A real little stage in miniature, complete lighting system (battery or 110-V), four sets of scenery and material for many more, \$10.50 postpaid, or send for circular. For entertainment and instruction in school or home.

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Talking and Walking DOLL OFFER FREE

WILL YOU BE BUNNIE SUE'S MAMA?

You can have this little TALKING, WALKING, SLEEPING DOLL, with real hair you can comb, and she won't cost you a penny. Fully dressed in dress and romper ready to play, with bonnet to replace. Made of soft cloth, she won't break if you drop her—play with her for years.

She Walks - Talks - Sleeps

The Talking doll will be free to advertising, or business—a little favor you can easily do. Write me today.

Solve This Puzzle

Two words do these figures spell. The first is in the right column, the second in the left.

Not a penny of your money

wanted now or later. Write the two words

and I will send you one Free Doll Offer. You

can soon have BUNNIE SUE. Send money today.

AUNT TILLIE, 630 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 6252, Chicago, Ill.



Over
a Foot
Tall

GIVEN YOUR CHOICE

Latest Style jeweled wrist

watches, guaranteed time

keepers, even though we

send out products very

carefully packed.

Send for 40 pts.

today. Really Sold.

Earn big money or gifts.

AMERICAN SEED CO.

B-134 Lancaster, Pa.



Dear Miss Waldo:

HERE is a picture of my first kindergarten class. Miss Helen Sherer is my teacher's name. I'm sorry she wasn't in the picture.

I like to have Mother and Daddy read CHILD LIFE to me. I'm not old enough yet to read it myself. But I enjoy the pictures.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM taking CHILD LIFE and I like it very much. I read it over and over. When I get each month's issue I don't think of anything but CHILD LIFE.

In the summer, when I don't have to go to school, I sit in the parlor and read CHILD LIFE all

Dear Miss Waldo:

I RECEIVED my membership card and was very glad to get it. I am sending a little poem I hope you will publish. We were making booklets of Washington in school and I wrote this poem.

Yours truly,
ANNETTE SHERMAN



A ROW OF JOY GIVERS

Aunty and Uncle Bill read CHILD LIFE to me, too, at night just before I run upstairs to my bed.

If you have space on the Joy Giver's page for our picture, I'm sure it will make my little friends as happy as it will me.

WILLIAM SHAW KNAPP
Age 5 years. Ottawa, Ill.

In the picture from left to right:

Thomas La Van, Andrew O'Conner, Neil Charles Carroll, Robert Teachout, Frederic Gerding, Mary Ryan, Irene Jeffry, William Shaw Knapp, Ardis Ayers, Elden Whinicker.

FEBRUARY

I AM not just February,
With winds that blow
All day, with piled up snow;
I'm Washington and Lincoln, too,
Who kept your country's flag for
you.
I'm valentine with airy grace,
With golden hearts and hearts of
lace
And pretty cards that people send,
Quite as a secret to a friend,
Though I am short of days and
small,
I'm quite a big month, after all.

MARGARET KELLY
Mactier, Ont., Canada.
Age 11 years

day. When my aunt says, "Why don't you go out and play some?" I am too interested in CHILD LIFE.

I'm sending in a poem for the February issue. I hope it will be in there.

Yours truly,
EMMA BELL WYNNDHAM

SOMETHING BETTER

I CANNOT be a Washington,
However hard I try,
But into something I must grow
As fast as the days go by.

The world needs women, good and
true,
I'm glad I can be one,
For that is even better than
To be a Washington.

EMMA BELL WYNNDHAM
Age 10 years Jacksonville, Fla.

A JAPANESE VALENTINE

AWAY in Japan that's over the
sea,
Every afternoon the ladies drink
tea,
Each little lady is dressed so fine,
She looks like a sweet little
Valentine.

VIRGINIA WALKER
Springfield, Mass.
Age 8½ years

WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON was a very great man,
He said, "What's worth doing,
I will and can."
He was born in the year 1732,
I wish we had some more like him, don't you?

ANNETTE SHERMAN
Lakewood, N. J.

THE FLAG

OUR flag is very beautiful,
With bars of red and white,
And stars on a beautiful back-
ground.

There is no prettier sight.

Our flag is highly honored
In each and every land,
Because it stands for liberty,
The want of every man.

PAUL LEVY
Age 12 years. Vicksburg, Miss.

VALENTINE DAY

ON Valentine Day,
At school we shall play,
And have a big Valentine
Box, bright and gay.

Inside we'll place Valentines
For each girl and boy.
Don't you think it will bring us
A great deal of joy?

VIRGINIA SIMMS
East Liverpool, Ohio
Age 7 years

